THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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DRAWN BY PAUL BRANSOM

THE SIAMESE CAT—By Henry Milner Rideout

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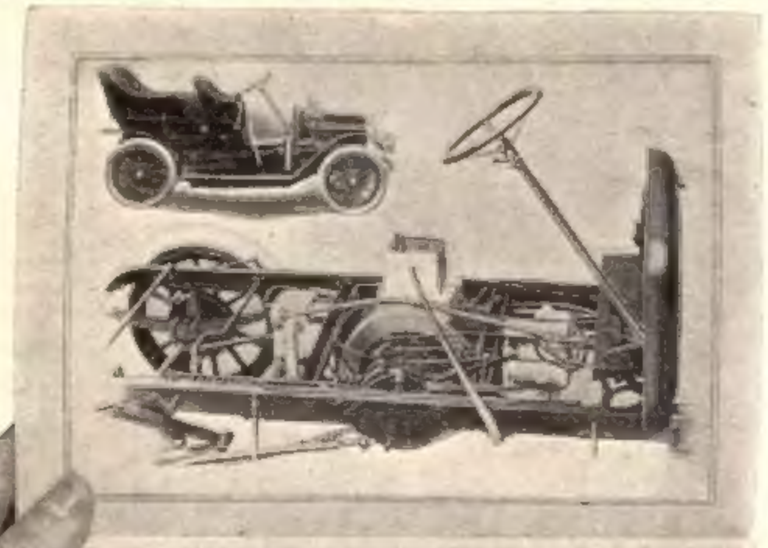

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Some Unsolved Problems in Surgery

By W. W. KEEN

In these days of triumphant science the wand of the magician has given place to the surgeon's knife. One by one that sharp blade has severed the cords which, for long centuries, bound man to the chariot-wheels of pain. But the quest of perfection still remains.

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By BEATRIX DEMAREST LLOYD

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By EMERSON HOUGH

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By HARRIS DICKSON

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The Bible as Good Reading

By SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

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Drawn by Karl Anderson for Armour's 1907 Art Calendar

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THE SIAMESE CAT

By HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

CHAPTER I

BY CHANCE, within the gates of a Japanese temple, a sudden shower caught Owen Scarlett idling, and drove him into the nearest shelter, which happened to be a tiny, dark aquarium. There, lounging pleasantly, listening to the rain-drops on the roof, watching the purple and golden fish steer through cool bubbles green as jade, he found himself near a group of three women in the dusk. Europeans, therefore tourists, he thought. He was about to pass on, when by chance he saw one of the sponges suddenly open like a ragged umbrella of pink flesh, sail along the glass with tentacles writhing, and stare with an evil black eye set in a pulpy face.

The women squealed, and the nearest turned instinctively to Owen.

"Horrible!" she cried. "Ugh!" They both made the same face of disgust, and then, in a comic impulse of relief, smiled at each other. Even in the green light from the tank she was a pretty girl. Her eyes shone blue and friendly, her face bright with the candor of youth. In a flash, however, she had bethought herself and turned away.

"It's a devil-fish, Aunty," she said with composure. "Do come and see something pleasant." And she led away her two elder companions.

That was all; but for months afterward, when hard work had crushed out the memory of his brief holiday in Japan, in odd moments of a Chinese winter he remembered the incident, and in imagination saw the girl's clear and merry eyes. A trifle to recall; yet it was a vague comfort to a solitary white man lost in the flux and flow of the yellow myriads. Once, in Hongkong, half-way through a letter to his uncle's firm, he looked up from the typewriter, stared across the harbor turmoil of junks and launches to the brick-red hills beyond Kowloon, and said:

"I'll bet her aunts were from New England."

Again by chance: on a steamer bound for Saigon, as he stepped out of his bath, a roll threw him plump against a burly man in a green silk kimono.

"Hello!—No harm done!" boomed a cheerful bass. The man was a broad six-footer, with a short, vigorous, grizzled beard parted down the middle, and, under jutting brows, a pair of deep-set eyes that shone with a changeable light. His air was that of some robust, good-humored Tai-pan. "All right?" he laughed; and the tail of his green bedragoned silk whisked into the next compartment, from which soon issued a genial roar: "O Boy! My no towel no have-got! Catchee *mai-wun! Fai-di!*"

On the evening of the same day, in the dining-room, a German antiquary going to Angkor looked up from his solitaire, caught Scarlett's eye across the table, and said guardedly:

"You are not a friendt to der larch man in der corner smoking, and who now hass gone top-side, no?" His glance took in the retreating figure of the man with the trimly parted beard.

"No," said Scarlett.

"Dot iss goot," the German nodded heavily. "It iss Borkman, der biggest scountrel in der Oryent. For cardts, fraudts, and allerlei badt business, sober or dronk, iss he der vorst." The antiquary leaned back and told a hideous story in detail. "Borkman—he escabed with loot. Der efil-men brosber—*immer so—Ach!* . . . But he wass kicked out yet once, in a clubp off Zébu. Gootness me, yess," he concluded.

Again by chance, it was late March when Scarlett opened and joyfully read a letter from his uncle's firm which, ending his long exile on the China seaboard, recalled him to take charge of their Oriental department, and gave him till September to wind up his affairs and reach the home office.

"Must have made good, more or less," thought Owen happily. "Now which way home? Pacific or Suez? Toss for it," he decided. "Heads Nagasaki, tails Singapore." And Fortune, once more pouncing down into the game, rang the Mexican dollar upon the table tails up.

On an April evening in Singapore he had gone to a ball at the Tanglin Club. Tired of the crowding couples, the lights, the music, the labor of this clammy pastime, Owen was heading for the card-tables when a friend seized and bore him back:

"My Word!" He Puffed, "That Chap Could Run!"

"No, you don't—come along—present you—compatriot of yours—Miss Holborow——"

Among the pale and jaded residents she shone out a breezy, tanned seafarer.

"Why, you're the devil-fish girl!" he exclaimed. Their laughter mingled happily.

"What a horrid name! But it shows a flattering memory," she said. "Still, I knew you across from the doorway, coming in——"

Scarlett replied, in cold and feeble words for a heart aglow. Their faces might have shown how glad they were, and of this the girl was perhaps aware, for on a sudden she made the matter less personal, saying:

"It's good to see an American again, isn't it? You live out here in the East?"

"Not now, thank Heaven," said Owen. "Ship me somewhere west of Suez. I'm tired of it. I'm just going——" By a flash of genius he stopped before committing himself. "I'm just going about on a few errands, to and fro in the world. You're traveling, too, aren't you?"

"Yes," replied the girl. "My aunt and I are going back by Suez. Her friend deserted her in China, and we've taken a courier to protect us, and now we're running up to Siam, to Bangkok."

"That's odd, isn't it?" he returned brazenly. "I have to go there myself on—a matter. You go by the German mail, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, by the Prapatom, on Saturday," she explained. "There'll be a crowd on board, and a 'stupid crowd of foreigners,' I'm afraid."

"I can promise not to be a foreigner, at least," he laughed. "The Prapatom happens to be my steamer——"

A straight and shining military youth suddenly drew himself up tall before them, and, drawling officially, reported that the dance was his.

"I hope to see you on board, then, Mr. Scarlett," she called with a smile over her shoulder, as she was caught into the whirl of skipping feet and sad, preoccupied faces.

Before the morning had time to glare Owen had rattled in a dark-shuttered *gharri* to the shipping-office; and two days later, sweltering in the muffled sunlight under the Prapatom's awning, he had the satisfaction of seeing large canvas trunks, marked "L. H.," slung upon the forward deck by the wild-haired Malays.

"Lucky I didn't toss heads," thought this young adventurer.

But he was not of the sort to hurry matters, or plan vulgar stratagems among deck-chairs or places at table. From the upper end of the captain's mess he had the mild pleasure of bowing to Miss Holborow at the lower. She sat, in white, beside a prim little woman in gray. As he stole a look under the frill of the punkah from time to time, he could see the aunt utter a few staid sentences, and the girl reply. Presently, to his surprise, in marched a white-clad giant—Borkman. He chose the chair opposite the two ladies, and bowed with an almost familiar air. They returned the bow graciously enough.

The captain grunted. He was a clean, elderly Englishman, with cheeks ruddy from whisky and tropic weather, but fine gray eyes full of honesty. All through dinner he watched the lower end of the table; at last he beckoned to an alert little withered Chinaman in a pale blue robe.

"Ah Fook," said the captain in a lowered voice, barely audible to Scarlett. "You see gentleman down next Number One officer? He eat his chow bottom-side Number Two table breakfast. B'long so. You catchee cards. You savee?"

"Can do," murmured the Celestial.

"Impudent bounder," the captain grumbled.

Whatever hopes Owen might have had for that evening were disappointed; for Miss Holborow stayed in the stuffy saloon and played picquet dutifully with her aunt. Walking seven miles round the deck—passing from the mystery of vast moonlit space and a witch-fire ocean of phosphorus astern into the swaying lantern-light amidships—he could see the two women through one porthole, and through the next, in the little hazy smoking-room, the big countenance of Borkman.

"He has cheek enough," thought Scarlett. "I'll have to ask the captain about him some time."

Then came a whole morning of delight. Soon after breakfast he found himself being introduced to the aunt, and presently sitting in a canvas sling chair next Miss Holborow herself.

The aunt, a bright-eyed, spare, spinsterlike little matron, gave Owen an odd look, half-friendly, half-suspicious, which declared: "You seem passable, but one can't be too careful." All that she said, however, was:

"How do you do, Mr. Scarlett? My niece has told me of having met you at the Tanglin dance." She spoke as one whose conscience pursues her to the minutest parts of speech. "Your name is very familiar to me: it must be that you have relatives in ——" And, being satisfied on this point, Mrs. Holborow withdrew from the conversation, to become calmly engrossed in a magazine essay on Thoreau, the Man.

The girl and the young man, having laboriously dug up common acquaintances, pitched them overboard and began to find out more about each other.

"You've chosen lucky weather and a good voyage," ventured Owen. "Travelers don't come up here so often; Bangkok's a quiet place."

"That's just it," she rejoined. "I'm tired of being a tourist in a groove; my aunt's tired of places that are *not* quiet. We have an acquaintance or two up there. And then, she hasn't been happy since we left Japan—doesn't like the East very well, I'm afraid. You see, her friend, Mrs. Bolton, decided to stay with relatives," the girl explained. "After that, I had trouble persuading my aunt to come on; but she finally gave in when we found we could take a reliable courier to manage our trunks and plunder and things. He's a jewel, that man! Very good recommendations, and knows everything! My aunt approves of him, and she's hard to please.—Aunt Julia!"

No answer came from among the pages.

"Let's take a walk," promptly said the girl; and, lagging somewhat in the drowsy heat, the two started off around the deck. She was very straight, with no seeming effort to poise; walked easily, without slatting her arms or whisking her skirts or thrusting her face forward; and altogether, he thought, had the gait and action of a sensible girl. Several turns they made together, passing the loungers in the deck-chairs: Mrs. Holborow still rapt and stimulated; a trim, nervous Englishman rustling the sheets of the "Pink 'Un," whom Owen set down vaguely as the admired courier; a plump, little brown Japanese smiling toothfully at the dreamy universe; Borkman parting with jeweled fingers his sable-silvered beard, as he listened politely but with mirthful eyes to the earnest talk of a sallow missionary; and a rich Chinese merchant, who, in a robe of black figured silk, sat reading with grave approval The Swiss Family Robinson.

In this company they made the voyage, five lazy, shining days of companionship. No marvel of sea or sky appeared to Scarlett as more than Laura's rightful setting. And speech, that to others had been flat and tedious, became to them as simple as the elements, potential as springtime, miraculous as revelation.

On the last morning, when the azure Gulf of Siam was lost in the yellow outpour at Koh-si-chang, and, crossing the bar, the Prapatom had steamed into the river, Scarlett and the girl stood together by the after-rail. They were silent, looking back to where, in the liquid light of dawn, the temple of Pak-nam rose from a fairy island, like the tall white helmet of a sunken genie. Slowly the ship moved up a river of molten copper, between low banks of vivid green bush and slim areca palms. From the bosky mouth of a hidden waterway, here and there, sampans stole out—a lithe figure bent forward at the sweep—to break the green reflection with a curved long-bow of ripples. It was the season of the mango showers, and the breeze came heavy with perfume from yellow-burgeoning acacias. On the lower deck, Chinamen sluiced their sallow bodies with muddy water; soft-eyed Cingalese thrust in their round-combs; Malays knotted their bright *sarongs* for another day.

"All these will be scattering into Siam," said Miss Holborow. "Isn't it fun guessing where people come from and go to, out here? The East is a wonderful kaleidoscope in that way, I think—always changing, pictures, pictures, appearing, melting . . . Do you know, sometimes I'm a little afraid of it."

"I know," said Scarlett, and was silent. Eight years of China had left him little fun in that sort of guessing. At Bangkok all these particular sights would vanish: this girl and her aunt would, like the rest, depart into memories. They would join their friends, he would languish among strangers, and all his valiant, harebrained stratagem would come to nothing. That would never do.

"Miss Holborow," he began in a resolute voice. "Please don't be offended." His tone made her look up quickly for an instant; and for that instant he floundered in a new and singular confusion. "You'll think it very odd, and blunt, and—well, I've seen you three times, twice by chance. But for all that . . . By George, it won't do to have you go disappearing here in Siam. The world's terrible big; especially the East, where you lose your memory: people and things drop out of sight everywhere, and *maskes!*—but for friends——"

He stopped, ashamed of this foolish floundering. Meantime she looked at him, so frank and so puzzled that the absurdity of it all overpowered him.

"It *was* Rather a Cheeky Thing to Do, Wasn't It?"

"Let me be honest, anyway," he continued, laughing. "I've not the shadow of any kind of business up here. I was heading for Europe, in general, and when you said the other evening that you were coming up—why, I lied and came too ——"

There fell a rather long silence. Below, on the deck, a two-stringed fiddle was wailing, and from behind the ventilator-cowl a singsong voice chanted an endless improvisation. A barefoot China boy pattered past, beating the breakfast gong with a skillful, rubbing stroke.

"We've been good friends for a time," said Owen, in conclusion, and then smiled. "It's best not to have been so on false pretenses."

The girl searched him through with one bright, incomprehensible look.

"I think," she declared slowly, "that you're a very honest, funny—Boy. Very funny! Didn't you see, you couldn't dog us round the world in this way?"

"Couldn't I?" he answered stubbornly.

"No," said Miss Holborow. "My aunt would never allow it, for one thing." They laughed, and moved away toward breakfast. "If you hadn't told me all that ——" she stopped abruptly. "I knew you were very honest when I saw you at the devil-fishes."

When the ship had anchored in the racing Me-nam, and the howls of coolies and bumping of sampans announced the hour of disembarking, Scarlett paid his farewell compliments.

"And a pleasure for us, too," the little spinsterlike matron averred, as if it had been a vote, not wholly of disapproval. "I hope we may happen to meet again somewhere. No, many thanks, our man is seeing to our luggage. Good-by, Mr. Scarlett."

"Good-by," said he, and answered the girl's smile; but it was gloomily that he swung down on the forward deck and picked out his trunks from the heap.

"I'm an ass," he thought, and gave almost savage directions to the hotel boy.

Near by, Borkman of the glowing eyes towered calm above the confusion. In cream-colored pongee, with a diamond buckle on his watch-strap, he surveyed the trunks, choosing among them with a silver-mounted stick of polished stingaree. "Those b'long my, eight piecee, catchee that house, chop-chop!" he commanded, giving the coolie a written card.

The stingaree rapped down sharply on the canvas trunks marked "L. H."

Scarlett stared in wonder.

"I am an ass," he repeated. "Never guessed it, never asked Her ——"

From the bridge-rail above, the captain—a purple, sarcastic cherub in the pea-green halo of a sun-helmet—was forgetting the presence of ladies.

"Can't you see?" he roared. "You've fouled the bloody stanchion! You're as nimble as that bird they call the elephant!"

CHAPTER II

OWEN let the launch go puffing to the land, bearing with it—a white figure among the bow cushions—all the good, all the gain of the Orient. He stood and formed a plan.

At the foot of the bridge ladder he found the captain, mollified by the happy effects of epigram, oratory, command, and a *slengah* with the customs officer.

"Good-by, sir; I've had a pleasant voyage," said Scarlett; and when he had shaken hands: "By the way, what's wrong with that fellow Borkman? I meant to ask before ——"

The ruddy little captain rested his gaze upon the spire of a distant *wat*, as if the secret were impaled on the pinnacle. He meditated a space. "His ubiquity, for one thing," he asserted, in a voice of slow, tolerant conviction. Then, as his glance came back to the deck, his eyes flashed: "Wrong? Why, the fellow's a rotter! A confounded waster! Shouldn't have allowed him aboard my ship, sir! What do those ladies let him tow around after them for, eh? Biggest bloody rascal in the East—notorious! Bah ——"

The captain meditated again.

"You seem to know them—nice girl, too. Put them 'near,' as you Americans say. He's working some squeeze or other now, mind you ——"

Vague as the testimony was it sufficed for Scarlett. Duty had linked arms with desire, and his heart was fixed. No rotter, not even the mildest waster, should be allowed to guide the Holborows so freely and flagrantly. The sampan that sculled across the brimming race of the Me-nam carried an indignant champion and his luggage.

For the next few days Owen went diving hopefully into the dark interiors of *wats*. Whole afternoons he waited there, an impatient lover blinded with hot illusions, confronting the mystic smile of the soft-gleaming Buddhas, who sit aloft, forever peaceful, rapt in the timeless dream of the infinite. In courtyards, seated upon squat Chinese dog-lions who guard the rolling pearl between their teeth, he passed uncounted Eastern hours, while the breeze rustled the tamarind pods, and set the little golden bells tinkling along the temple cornices. He loitered at the royal stables till the white elephants wearied of saluting him; he stood inanely watching the Siamese nobles fly their star-shaped kites over the Premane ground; he drove sadly along the empty reaches of the King's boulevard. But he caught no sight of aunt, or guide, or girl.

At last he became a known visitor at the counters of shipping-clerks, and between-times a solitary sitter in the hotel garden. He felt silly and desperate; but that ill-sorted trio should not sail down the Me-nam unobserved.

On a hot, lonesome day, as he sat on the little platform which, from the shade of high-arched, breezy almond trees, looks across the racing copper flood to the teak-mills, he was roused by a heavy step and a cheerful hail:

"Oh, there you are, eh?" Borkman, clothed in white, resplendent with gold tical buttons, sat down and grinned across the white-painted disk of the little tin table.

"Looking for you all over, Mr. Scarlett," he said. "Rum hotel this. I'm staying at a livelier place, though, myself, if you understand me. Go up to *their* house every morning and report. Good fun! Got a chit here that ought to please you. Where the mischief *is* the thing?" He fumbled through many pockets, his deep-set eyes beaming kindly. "Miracle what rubbish a man stows away in his poche! Nice girl that Miss Holborow, eh?"

From a pocketbook he dumped a small heap of paper scraps on the table, and began sorting them. Two or three he read, smiling, and tore up. At last, seizing a fresh, white envelope, he pushed the remaining scraps aside. "There's her chit," he said. "No need of your writing. Just reply 'Yes' or 'No' by me. Here's fortune!"

"Fortune!" echoed Scarlett, happy and eager. He opened the letter:

Dear Mr. Scarlett:

My aunt and I go with the guide to the ruins at Ayuthia on Thursday morning, and come back by launch in the evening. If you can come, too, we shall be very glad. The Admirable Bearer will bring your answer by word of mouth.

I hope you can come. Yours sincerely,

LAURA HOLBOROW.

Can't you help us buy a Siamese cat this afternoon? We pick up the A. B. at your hotel, four o'clock.

"You'll come?" said Borkman, who seemed to have grasped the situation completely. He gave the young man a benignant smile and the faintest flutter of a wink, at once impudent and paternal. "That's good. The ladies will be pleased, eh?" He rose with the air of one who ends an audience. "Thursday, then? Train at 7:40, you know. Right-oh! Good-by, my boy." And he swaggered off across the clean sand of the little garden.

Scarlett was left to discover that this pernicious waster had hobnobbed with him, patronized him, suggested that his dearest secret was an open one, and yet made him uncommonly happy. At least, while he read the note again he could harbor no ill-will.

A puff of the cool afternoon breeze sent the forgotten papers flying into the river—all except three bits which fluttered to Scarlett's side of the table. He stopped them mechanically. One was a *gharri* chit, in marvelous English, from Nawab Shah's livery-stable. The second was a chit from Sin Cheong, "Goldsmith or Curio," across which was written in a crabbed, boyish hand, "It is in the middle one. They are following you." "Sounds like melodrama," Owen reflected idly. The third was a pasteboard ticket bearing tiny Japanese characters, a telephone address, the name "KoKatu," and a street number notorious throughout the Orient.

"He's a savory person for a guide," thought the young man with indignation. Had it not been too much work, he would have formed moral reflections on woman's judgment of character. Instead, he puzzled once more over the situation: "A man covered with gold ties and diamond watch-strap buckles is not of the courier type. What's his game?"

He found no answer; and Borkman, when he reappeared later, stalking large in the river garden, did not enlighten him. At the same moment wheels rattled in the road, and a victoria drew up at the veranda end, with a flash of white through the sunny leafage.

It was she! It was also Aunt Julia: from one, a radiant, all-rewarding smile, from the other an indrawn chin and birdlike nod; and Owen found himself perched on a half-seat facing them, while Borkman, cracking a whip, led the way nobly in a high tum-tum cart with a Waler.

The ponies scampered along the new road, clattered down a row of Chinese shops in Sam Peng, and out along the old city wall, where they shied at an elephant plodding to his bath. Scarlett neither marked their course nor knew that they were in Siam; he was with Laura Holborow again, hearing her speak, meeting the glance of those honest eyes where mirth lived and moved, like swiftness playing over depth. After an age of dumb sloth he was restored to life.

"Very interesting, indeed," Aunt Julia was expounding, "especially to see and study Buddhism at home. With all their tolerant innovations they seem to have kept the purer primitive beliefs, such as ——"

"The Devil-Fish Girl"

"Do look!" cried Laura eagerly. Below the road stretched a canal, empty at ebb-tide; and, in a sampan on the flat waste of filthy ooze, a little Siamese, trousered in a yellow *panung*, lay supine, pointing a flute skyward and blowing pastoral notes.

Mrs. Holborow was naturally somewhat acidulated.

"This is a very silly expedition that the guide has persuaded you into," she told Laura. "The cat will be a great nuisance, and I dare say a source of contagion."

"Oh," said Scarlett cheerfully, "there's not much plague or cholera here now."

"A little would be quite sufficient," replied Aunt Julia stiffly.

Presently, their driver swerved after Borkman's whip-lash round a corner, and pulled up behind the tum-tum in a crowded bazar that reeked of betel, burning joss-sticks, Chinese tobacco, frying lard and green drainage. Their burly guide, scattering ducks, pariah dogs and black sows, dived under a monstrous Chinese lantern, and led the party into the dusk and disorder of a pawnshop. On his platform beside a tall glass case of silverware a young Chinaman, naked to the waist, sat braiding pink threads into his queue. He stared at the ladies, and coiled the half-finished strand about his neck.

Borkman presented a hieroglyphic letter, which the pawnbroker read slowly through horn-rimmed spectacles, whispering to himself, and spacing off groups of characters with a long, blue thumb-nail. Meantime the booth was penned in by a chattering crowd, both Thai and Hainanese, gathered to watch the bargain; while imps of children, smeared as with yellow ochre and dressed only in heel-bangles or silver fig-leaves, gleefully skipped in pestilential dust.

The pawnbroker gravely finished the painted scroll, nodded, grinned, and snarled something over his shoulder. A mysterious scuffle rose in the back shop, and, presently, a neat-bodied little Luk-Chin woman came clambering over a heap of brass-work, hugging three rebellious cats close to her kerchiefed breast.

Poured sprawling upon the platform, the cats tried vainly to bolt, then sat ruffled and indignant, darting side-glances of sullen light.

"Isn't he a beauty?" cried Miss Holborow.

"Careful," Scarlett warned her. "Don't admire. Let me do the bargaining; may I?"

"The big fellow is the only one to buy, sir," Borkman advised. Before the ladies, his manner seemed unnaturally subdued, his genius rebuked. "Don't buy the little ones, Mr. Scarlett, that's all. The big chap would fetch fifty to a hundred pounds in London as he stands."

"But the two small ones are blue," said Mrs. Holborow, forgetting her general objection in a particular. "And the King has officially declared that blue cats are ——"

"Oh, Aunt Julia," cried the girl reproachfully, "just see the other! He's a dear."

The dear uttered a "Yaow!" of unearthly volume, and stared up with the ice-blue eyes of a goblin. He was not of the royal hue, but fawn-colored, with seal-brown face, paws and tail, bat-ears, and bristling mustaches of snow-white.

"He heard me!" said Laura. "I must have him."

"No enthusiasm," commanded Scarlett. "Let me." Then, turning to the Chinaman, who sat in a fine oblivion, smoking a Malacca tin pipe like a long-spouted tea-pot:

"*Ni teng ha*," he said, and pointed to one of the blue cats. "*Miu chai gi dō?*"

"*Yit ba bat*," sang the pawnbroker, with a quick gleam in his beady eyes.

"*M-hai!*" Owen laughed in scornful good-humor. "*Ngō gin pō guai a!*"

Negotiations ceased. Scarlett turned airily and surveyed the crowd outside.

"What did you tell him?" asked Miss Holborow, amused.

"I asked how much can catchee this cat," Owen replied. "He wants a hundred ties—absurd: so I told him to lower his price. Don't be impatient."

The coolies and the children gaped. One tall Chinaman, who had looked feverishly intent, turned about tactfully to await the renewal of the bargain, presenting an oily brown back.

"Hallo," said Owen. "See that, Miss Holborow?"

Between the muscular shoulder-blades, in Siamese fashion, was tattooed a circular design in blue.

"An old friend, isn't it?" continued Scarlett. "The symbol of Creation—two whales rolled together to form the world—as you see them on the Korean flag, the Madura praus, the Northern Pacific Railroad, and everywhere. He's not a Hoi-how boy."

The pawnbroker suddenly resumed the chaffering.

"*Ni! Ni!*" he cried vehemently, suspending by the scruff of his neck the fawn-colored cat, who squirmed and clawed like a dragon. "*Ni! Mau! Gi dō?*"

"*M-hai*," Scarlett shook his head indifferently. "*M-sē-nē*. No wantchee."

The Chinaman returned calmly to the blue "*miu-chai*." And so the bargain tossed and wavered, while the chuckling crowd muttered gibes. At last, Scarlett changed his mongrel speech to English.

"Well," he said, "you can buy the big chap for forty ticals. He's an unusually good one—probably stolen. But before you close the bargain I must tell you that it's a risk: they often die going home, they're quarantined

(Continued on Page 27)

"The Big Chap Would Fetch Fifty to a Hundred Pounds in London"

POOR MAN'S LAND

Panoramic View of Little Creek, Alaska. Third Beach Line 1906. Mining a Prehistoric Sea Beach at Nome. This is the Richest Placer Claim in Alaska

Where a Day's Work Will Support One for a Week

BY REX BEACH

AUTHOR OF THE SPOILERS

WE FELL silent, all of us, after Esterly's story, for he had carried us with him out into the silent hills, where the wooded valleys drop away into the purple, and where at evening the bottoms are cool and dark and mysterious, while the snow peaks are yet agleam from the setting sun. He had led us away from the beaten track, out where man is robbed of his braggadocio and conceit, and becomes merely a puny, two-legged bug, creeping farther and farther into the Great Country.

The Jap moved with quiet feet over the bearskins which littered the floor with shaggy profusion, leaving behind him on the arms of our deep leather chairs that which each of us thought his system craved. It was late dinner-time and most of the members had left the little club, giving us freedom to indulge our pleasure in friendly reminiscence. For four years I had been a stranger to the North, and the time had worked many changes in it, changes in all except its welcome, which was just the same, and which I was enjoying to my fullest—still dazed a bit at the metropolitan atmosphere of this little camp, and feeling with curious intensity the queer overlapping of the new and the old. This was brought to my mind at the instant by strains of music and a burst of shrill laughter from the dance-hall on the opposite corner. Through the wide French windows of the club I could see the length of the main street, could see its squatty wooden buildings and its sidewalks thronged with rough-clad men in mackinaw. Down the centre came a pack-train muddy from the trail, and showing recent traces of the glacier stream just this side of the mountains. While I looked a man in a pearl-gray Fedora hat and a Newmarket overcoat tiptoed his way over the crossing, to save his shiny shoes, then made his way down the boardwalk, stepping over the sleeping wolf-dogs sprawled in front of every door.

"While you have been watching Wabash Avenue real estate enhance four per cent. we have opened up the richest copper district in the world," said Fish. "There are five railroads, either building or under survey from here to the mines, and thence on into the Yukon. Farther west on Kenai Peninsula there is a thriving terminal city, and another railroad boring its way through the coast range, headed for new coal-fields and the interior. Fairbanks has become a town that produces $10,000,000 a year, while up in the Nome district ——"

"Hold on," I said; "I've been four years in the decaying East. The stagnation of State Street and Lower Broadway is in my blood as yet. I am slow on my feet, and I can't keep up. Besides, I am not a census-taker, and I don't want statistics. I have been telling stories about you fellows ever since I left Alaska, but I have run out of dope. I came here to load up. Tell me something about yourselves."

I turned to the quietest man of the group. "We hit this camp together six years ago," said I, "and got stuck in the ice out yonder in the bay. Do you remember?"

"Sure."

"Well, you were taking an outfit into the interior at the time, and offered to stake me in on some copper prospect if I would go along. I was looking for gold, however, and didn't have leisure to waste on copper. I went broke. Did you?"

Esterly and the others smiled at my question and glanced at each other.

"Start at the beginning and tell me all about it," I hastened to add.

"There's not much to tell," said Amy. "Two of our party, Jack Smith and Clarence Warner, were prospecting about one hundred and seventy miles back from here, the following summer. The country in there is pretty broken and hadn't been run over much at that time. One afternoon, as they were pitching camp in a strange valley, they noticed a strip of green high up in the mountain.

"'Look at the grass yonder,' said Warner.

"'That's mighty queer,' the other answered, 'I never saw grass that high before.'

"They couldn't make much out of it, as the streak was nearly a mile above them, but decided to examine it the next morning and, accordingly, scrambled up there after breakfast. A mile climb is no picnic in that country, where the hills are so steep they lean backward, but, when they got there, they found no grass at all, only a great lead of green rock, running across country, like a gigantic ribbon. They knew what it meant, but its tremendous extent dazed them. They figured it couldn't be true, that nothing like this had ever been known. They staked, however, and packed out samples to us. The assays raised our hair.

"We developed the lead the best way we could during the next few years, but it was too big for us to handle. Every time we looked at it we got scared, and grew weak in the knees. We showed it to other people, but it paralyzed them also. I took the proposition out to the States and tried to raise money for development. I told mining men what we had, and they advised me that it was not money I needed: it was a good, long rest with nothing to excite me.

A Prospector's Cabin. Where Hope is Constant. They are Poor To-day, but They May be Rich To-morrow

"I showed samples of the outcroppings to Senator W. A. Clark, who ought to know what copper ore is. He remarked that it was wonderful, and must have been taken from a great depth—hazarded a guess that it came from one of his own mines. When I said it came from Alaska, and that I had picked it up on the surface of the ground, that there were millions of tons of it in sight, in a clearly-defined vein forty-five hundred feet above the valley, he smiled politely and said he hoped I liked their city. Asked if I intended staying long in their midst. Then he answered the telephone.

"We just couldn't make anybody believe it. They said it was contrary to geology: that nothing like it had ever been known. They preferred to think that we had slipped a cog rather than old Mother Nature. So we hung on. Other strikes were made in our vicinity. Gradually the news got out that there was really a great, undeveloped copper country in Southern Alaska, of a richness to astonish the world. Then experts and engineers began coming. Everybody who saw the Bonanza lead went up in the air and began to talk baby-talk. It made their mouths water, till you could see the pepsin drip. There was nothing for us to do but sit tight and do assessment work. We were one hundred and seventy miles from tidewater, and fifteen hundred miles from a smelter. Before that mine could pay a dollar we would have to build a railroad to the coast. We were poor men, and when we got a reasonable offer we let go—to the Guggenheim crowd."

That was about all I could get out of Amy. As a matter of fact, this is but a small part of the story, and before the sale was effected the owners received a remarkable dose of the Alaskan curse—litigation. Although the purchase price aggregated only something like $400,000, the immense value of the property was generally recognized, and a bitter fight was waged by certain men who claimed they had grub-staked the original owners, and were therefore entitled to an interest. My friend and his partners eventually won, but the effect of the judicial decision was far-reaching, and has even become a political factor, threatening the equilibrium of the judicial situation for the Third Alaskan District.

I tried to gain some idea of the value of this property, but no one cared to go on record, all answering uniformly that its possibilities were quite past reckoning. I found, however, that it had been experted by numerous picked engineers from the States and from abroad, whose reports varied nearly as much as the reports of laymen. The most conservative, I am told, stated that he found more than $25,000,000 worth of copper ore *in sight*—that Nature herself had blocked out that much metal. In other words, without a pick being driven into the vein, and exclusive of the underground resources of the property, which are almost undeveloped as yet, and presumably fabulous, this amount can be measured up with a tape-line.

Quite a mine! I regretted my early devotion to gold mining. And there are other properties in the neighborhood of Valdez which rival the Bonanza in richness.

During my stay there the certainty grew upon me that the world will soon have to turn to this neighborhood for its copper. The great increase in demand for the metal, its limited supply elsewhere, and the vast extent and richness of the Alaskan ledges render this inevitable.

It is not my intent, however, to exploit the mineral future of Alaska, but in some small way to show the North as a land of possibilities for poor men. I know of no other country where a man can work one month for wages and on the proceeds loaf twelve, and yet where every man works twelve months and loafs none. I know of no country where a man's hands will earn so much, and his body consume so little in proportion. Partly because of this the country is advancing with wondrous strides, and new cities are growing where the moose roamed yesterday

The Raw Frontier from Club Windows

THE day when we paid a dollar apiece for candles and one hundred dollars for a sack of flour is so recent that its memory is painful to me. And yet this evening, at Valdez, we left the Tillicum Club and sought a restaurant where we dined well for thirty-five cents. On the way we stepped into a dance-hall—not that our appetites needed a sharpener, nor our legs exercise, but because I was growing to fear that the frontier had taken advantage of my absence and departed forever. I found that it had not, however—that its trail was not entirely obliterated. In the back of the hall depended a sheet upon which moving pictures were shown at intervals. The gambling games were running full—faro, roulette, craps, *et al.* It was early yet, and business was slow. A gentleman in mackinaw coat, and whiskers that had been trimmed with buttonhole scissors, settled farther down on his spine, tilted back his chair, and, closing his eyes, dreamily began to fiddle. Another leading citizen accompanied him on the organ. They played The Sack Waltz, changing to After the Ball, while a brass-lunged fellow shouted to us amiably: "Come on, boys. Now we'll waltz a little. A long, slow, dreamy waltz."

The day before our ship had run in under the brow of a mountain a few miles down the bay and taken on a cargo of ore from the Ellamar Mine. The shaft-house and bins were strikingly new, as were the houses about it, together with the dock where we lay. I referred back to this.

"That is Mike Gladhow's discovery. He found the vein at low water. It showed when the tide was out, but he stalled his partners off by saying it was no good. He was the only miner in the outfit and so he made the bluff stick, then waited his time and hiked back with another fellow. Mike couldn't read or write, so he got the other man to make out the location notices. They sold out a year ago for $105,000. The mine is shipping $40,000 a month now, but it is only new, and isn't properly squared away yet."

I found that the whole Prince William Sound country was showing much copper, and afforded many instances like the two I have mentioned. Here and there on the shores of this wonderful arm of the North Pacific, rimmed by ragged peaks and sullen glaciers, hidden away in landlocked arms or out on precipitous islands, are mines, and mines, and mines. Most of them are new and small as yet, but all are rich in possibilities. All of them have been found by poor men, for your prospector is, by force of circumstances, poverty-ridden and infested with calluses.

How the Wilderness Takes its Toll

NOT always is his story one of success, for there is no greater gamble than this game, and disaster may overtake him after the strike is made. For instance, while we lay at Ellamar there came a little fishing boat, bearing the twisted, shattered remains of a poor fellow who had struck it on Knight's Island. He and his partner had cruised among the islands, searching, digging, climbing through the steep hills and gullies, till they found this prospect. The lead was high up on the mountainside, hidden behind an abatis of thorny undergrowth; but they pitched camp on the shore beside a stream a mile distant, and every day clambered up to their claim. For every foot they won the richness increased till they knew they had found it big. Still they stuck to it, working silently, till their food ran out, whereupon one took a skiff and went back to town for more grub, while the other stayed.

One day he was thawing some giant powder preparatory to setting off his round of holes, and, placing the cartridges in a can of water over the coals, bent down to blow the fire. He had used the water for this purpose the day before, and now neglected to replace it with fresh. As he stooped, with characteristic vagary the dynamite exploded, fairly blowing the man off the face of the mountain. In some miraculous way, however, he was not killed, although his face had been within a hand's breadth of the charge. Bits of tin from the can, dirt, splinters and fragments of rock were driven into his head, neck and body, almost blowing out his eyes and reducing his features to a pulp.

The explosion hurled him back against a sapling which leaned out over the bluff. With his last departing strength he clung to this, preventing a fatal plunge down the slope. He does not know how long he lay unconscious, wedged into this precarious position, but finally regained his senses, to find himself racked, shattered and blinded, alone and helpless, high up on the roof of a mountain, so steep and rugged, so thickly matted with underbrush, that the descent even in daylight was a test of a strong man's endurance. Below him the bluff broke off abruptly into the sea. On all sides was an unpeopled wilderness. There was no chance of his partner's return for many days.

The human body, so tender and yet so enduring, is a wonderful thing, but man's love of life, his sublime strength of will, is more wonderful far.

Followed a struggle to live than which I have never heard anything more terrible.

The miner lay so long that he knew not whether it was daylight or dark when he came to. Bleeding and raw and bruised, he felt his sightless way downward, creeping and crawling like some soft, unsightly slug, inch by inch, over rocks, through thickets of thorns and matted vines, sliding, falling, fainting, leaving a ghastly trail behind.

At the bottom he fell over the bluff, dropping thirty feet into the sea, but the tide was in, and instead of smashing on to the rocks beneath, the water broke his fall, and the chill revived his tortured body. In some way he swam and waded along the shore till a narrow beach made down, out upon which he crept. He does not know whether the trip took hours or days, but with blind instinct and a splendid courage he held on toward his camp. Nearing it he fell again into the sea, a slough this time, and in struggling across got beyond his depth. He swam aimlessly, till, as he was about to sink, he struck bottom. The miracle of the thing, to my mind, lies in the fact that he finally found his tent, actually by the sense of feel, having covered the whole distance blinded and in terrible agony. He must have fainted many times, and yet he persevered. There is a limit to all things, however, even to gameness like this, and when the partner returned, days later, he found the unfortunate one in the tent, crazed with pain and despair, vainly trying to explode another stick of dynamite and end his torture.

The other took him to Ellamar, where there is a doctor, who removed from his eyes, his face and other features the fragments of tin and gravel which were still imbedded there.

As I returned to the States late in July our ship called in at Ellamar again for her ballast of ore, and on the dock I spied this man. He was weak and scarred, and painfully bandaged, but he could see from one eye and was on his way to recovery, with many years before him in which to enjoy the fruit of his strike on Knight's Island, which, I learned incidentally, was showing up very rich.

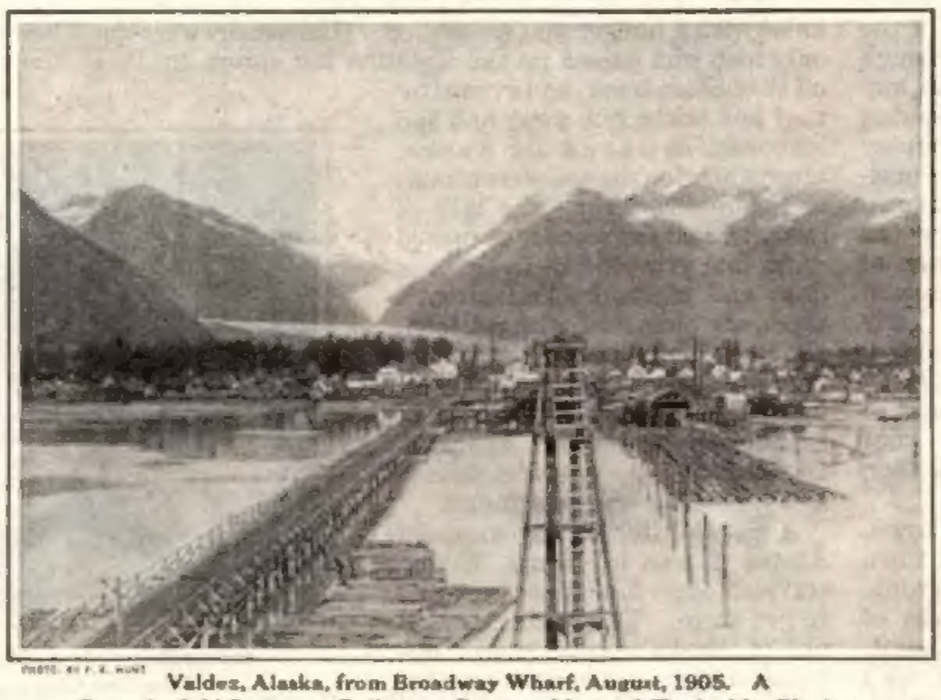
Alaska, to me, has always been a country of high lights and black shadows, of broad humor and deep tragedy. But, as befits such a land, it makes much of the former, and forgets the latter quickly. A good joke in which is the flavor of the North will live longer and travel farther than a tale of heroism and noble sacrifice.

As an example I give the following, which has become a part of Valdez' history:

The early population of the camp consisted largely of Eastern men, victims of the first excitement, who believed in the Bret Harte frontier and equipped themselves before coming West with heavy guns and cartridge belts. As the months passed, and no bad men appeared disposed to shoot up the camp, they began vaguely to feel that there was something wanting here, that this was not the untamed and kinky West at all. The atmosphere of Valdez they found more quiet than that of Haverhill, Massachusetts. Likewise, there was no money in camp, hence but little gambling and less drinking. Plainly, some sort of hilarity must be inaugurated to give local color. So the camp deliberately became "bad," just for its own amusement, and the street (there was but one) became infested with Vermont desperadoes and ribbon-clerk renegades who packed and flashed their long-barreled and blue-steel revolvers on every occasion. They had no grudges to settle, nor were there any feuds, likewise they did not fire the guns except at mirrors or lamp chimneys; but a mining camp without armament was, to them, like a Western melodrama without chaps and alkali dust. Eventually they began target practice. They shot at beer bottles and stumps, until it became dangerous for a peaceable citizen to poke his head out of doors in daylight hours.

Now, nothing makes a more pleasing mark than a lamp chimney back of a bar. There are many reasons for this. Certain annoyance arose at first among the proprietors, who undertook to prevent the sport by the laying on of hands. But no desperado, whether he hails from the Mexican border or The Bronx, will submit to disarmament peaceably. Therefore, certain booze-clerks were injured in the auxiliary organs of their anatomy. I think the inventory totaled a loss of two thumbs together with one lead-ballasted elbow before it was realized that high spirits alone were to blame and no harm was intended.

It became the custom to avoid interference and to charge up the breakage to the marksman. Toward spring lamp chimneys got so high that the desperadoes had to go out of business. But outdoor bombardments continued until a movement was inaugurated to limit it, and a request was sent out for a United States Commissioner. A man by the name of C. P. Smith was recommended for the place and in time received the billet. A marshal was also created. Now, in the camp was another Smith, whose initials were C. B. This latter Smith pretended to know no law, and knew even less than he pretended. When the commission arrived it fell into the hands of certain citizens in whom was the hunger to "start something." They altered it slightly, I am told, just to see what would happen, and Mr. C. B. Smith duly became United States Commissioner for Valdez.



Valdez, Alaska, from Broadway Wharf, August, 1905. A Camp in Cold Storage—Built upon Perpetual Ice and Flanked by Glaciers

Smith Plays Caliph of Bagdad

JUDGE SMITH bore his title becomingly for a time, but as remuneration lay entirely in the fees of the office it seemed an empty honor till he began to arrest and fine the gun fighters whenever they let off their enthusiasm inside the city limits. He derived his authority for this, I am told, from a mail-order house catalogue, the only book of reference in his legal library. He had a schedule of "listed" and "net" fines, ranging from three to ten dollars, in accordance with which he levied his toll. Gun practice, as an amusement, languished, and, in consequence, the Commissioner's job became sterile and barren.

Now, albeit this official's knowledge of law was nil, his ingenuity worked nights, and it developed that he was possessed of the commercial instinct to a marked degree. It came about as follows:

One day a snow-white ptarmigan was observed promenading down the street. The first man to discover it realized that here was a dainty meal, and, being short of fresh meat, scuttled back into his cabin and, unhooking his six-shooter from the bunk, ran to the door and blazed away. The bird side-stepped and fluttered down the street a few yards. Another miner saw it, and likewise took a shot with like results. The fowl went the entire length of Front Street, bombarded from every door, till a boy ran out and killed it with a stick. Before the last echo had died away the marshal had begun to round up the citizens, and the mill of justice had begun to grind slowly, but exceeding fine. The fines, including costs, aggregated $11.65 per capita, till the news spread that those who pleaded guilty got off for five dollars. Whereupon there was a general rush to beat the marshal to the Commissioner's cabin, and get in the first word. It is said that every man of Valdez who was strong enough to draw a gun that day dug down into his clothes, and dug deep.

I believe it was one of the men who put up the original job on the Commissioner who found that the ptarmigan's wings had been clipped, but the judge and the marshal refused to discuss that point, claiming that it had no legal bearing on the cases.

This town is unique in that it is built upon ice—literally a camp in cold storage. A huge glacier emerges from the hills behind, upon the gravel moraine of which the town stands. Some six or eight other ice rivers debouch into the bay close by, while ships in the roadstead in

hoisting anchor have dislodged great bergs of black ice from the bottom.

I have spoken thus far of mining conditions as I found them in one small part of southern Alaska, a portion of the country not generally recognized by us out here. In a quartz district much money is usually required to develop and exploit properties, for the rocks do not yield their riches as easily as do the stream beds in a placer region. The latter are the poor man's mines, and so I shall speak more of them, and ignore the southeastern part of Alaska, where for years many mines have been running, and more are being yearly found. One cannot, in a few words, do justice to a country as large as this. In fact, few realize how large it is, and the variety of conditions that prevail there. Who knows, for instance, that, if Alaska were superimposed upon the United States, its eastern rim would lie along the Carolina coast, while its western island would reach to Los Angeles? Nor that its northern boundary, placed on the Canada line, would throw its southern border into Mexico? But such is the case. As yet it is undeveloped, but each year adds to its resources. Each year new strikes are made, and new towns spring up. They are founded by poor men.

Gathering Vegetables for Our Dinner at Camp Comfort Road, Twelve Miles from Valdez, September 5, 1905

We hear of these camps and of the rich placers where men make fortunes in a year, but no one has told of the vast deposits of low-grade gravel which are not rich enough to excite, and yet which would pay good wages to any worker. There are thousands of acres of such gold-bearing gravels, untouched and unclaimed, which would employ an army of working-men and render each one his own master if only the men were there. They hold, on bed-rock, the emancipation of the laborer, for in no country can such a one exist comfortably on a smaller proportion of his earnings than in this land. They require no capital with which to open them up except strong arms. They go to the first comers without charge. Wages are high in the mines, at present from three to five dollars a day and board, with the demand greater than the supply, and so the low-grade deposits remain untouched, while your miner works for hire till he has laid in a grub-stake, then wanders away into the hills to hunt the rich spots.

A day's run by steamer west of Valdez I found a town, born since I left the country, Seward by name—a town with modern residences, good hotels and restaurants, steam laundries, telephones and other paraphernalia of civilization. A railroad is building in from this point, heading for vast undeveloped coal-fields beyond Cook's Inlet. Still inland, beyond these, is a new placer country, from which men were bearing word of a rich discovery while I was there.

"But," said I to one of them who had told me his story of success, "we hear only of the fortunate ones. What of the others? You have good prospects in there and return elated. What of the losers? What of the hundreds in hard luck? Is there no more hardship and danger in Alaska? I remember the time when it was different." Having pioneered up there when the North was new I am pleased to refer to the early days, when in fancy, at least, we took great hazards.

Without comment he introduced me to a bystander, saying, "Here's your chance to get in the papers, boy. Tell this man your story."

Evidently the other was not hungry for publicity, but I urged him.

"We had been prospecting all last spring up the Kahiltna, two of us, till we ran out of grub. Then we started down for more. That river is full of bad water, and is considered the worst stream in the Shusitna valley, where they are all bad. We had our outfit in a skiff and were running the rapids when we struck a rock. The boat upset, giving us barely time to jump. We made it on to the boulder, the top of which was running about six inches deep with water. It all happened in an instant, and before we knew what had really occurred, we found ourselves marooned on a slippery rock in the middle of a raging torrent, away out yonder in the wilderness. Neither of us could swim, the water was icy, and the current frothing down through the boulders like boiling milk. You can judge how it ran when I say that the rush of water held the remains of our boat against the upper side of the rock as though it had been nailed there. It was crushed flat and out of reach beneath the surface. We couldn't think of anything to do, so we just stood up—for three days and three nights. It was hard work to hold our footing with the water half up to our knees, and we finally realized we would die before long; also that we would have to make a start or be too weak to put up a struggle.

"I managed to loosen a piece of rope from the boat and then I went down into the water and ripped off pieces of the hull with my bare hands. It was hard work and dangerous, and by the time I had torn off a bundle of splinters large enough to float us I was exhausted and numb with the cold. The other boy bound these fagots together, leaving a loop of rope at each end for a hand-hold, our plan being to use this for a float, and thus try to reach the shore. When it came time to start I was too cold to hang on. The current snatched the bundle out of reach and the rope out of my fingers, so that I watched my partner whirled away, fighting and choking in the smother. Then I waited alone on the rock, and waited and waited. Three days and three nights longer I waited. I starved by day and froze by night. Gradually I went crazy. I don't remember much about the rest."

I heard the story from the two who found him there in the gorge with the ravenous white water yapping at his knees with a hunger that never died. His rescuers were the only men who passed up the Kahiltna last spring, for it is off the beaten track, and even after they had taken him away and had him safe, he raved for weeks, always hearing the ceaseless tumult of the rapids, feeling the lash of its spray and the menace of ragged rocks that grinned like teeth. Six days and nights he had cowered there, sleepless and without food. He says it was much longer, and described to me how he watched himself go insane, with a sort of extraneous impersonal curiosity. Of the other, the one who floated away, nothing was ever found.

A month after leaving southern Alaska I was in Nome, having traveled some four thousand miles to get there. This is the heart of one of Alaska's great placer districts, and it is likewise another land entirely as to climate and conditions. Only the people are the same. I had planned to visit Fairbanks, the new Dawson, a city now three years old, and the greatest of all the camps of the North; but it is hidden away far up a river which to you is unknown, and my time was limited. For a like reason I could not touch at the many other camps in this land of magnificent distances, each of which is rich in romance and vivid with the color of the country. All of them tell the tale of poor men who have won out; but even so, the story of one is the story of another.

I found much change in Nome, as elsewhere. New banks, new hotels, better cafés, larger Turkish baths, long-distance telephones bringing every camp and every mine of the district into touch, a new railroad pushing out into the far districts, and everywhere a feverish activity that reminded me of the first rush.

I ate custom-made tables d'hôte that compared favorably with those one gets in St. Louis, and the prices were not high.

I found, in proportion to its population, that more men have made fortunes in Nome than in any city I ever saw.

Less than a year ago a remarkable gold discovery was made here, the story of which is without parallel in American mining history, and bearing out my statement that Alaska is the poor man's land. I refer to what has become known as the "Third Beach-Line," a prehistoric surf-line, where the sea, in ages gone, has left a golden streak. It lies miles back of the present ocean beach, and buried beneath fathoms of frozen gravel.

Between the city of Nome and the mountains there stretches a muddy, moss-covered plain, about four miles wide from sea to highland, and running parallel with the ocean for some leagues. This plain, or tundra, is a vast deposit of gravel frozen like flint, except in spots where little streams trickle crookedly to the sea. The creeks that flow from the hills behind were rich in gold, and served to excite the world a few years since, till countless thousands tramped wearily across the tundra to and from the mines, cursing with fervid eloquence the spongy moss and oozing mud under foot. In the very early days the plain was staked, but as time went by the owners defaulted on their assessment work and the property lapsed back to Uncle Sam. No one cared to prospect a bottomless bank of steel-hard gravel, covered with liquid mud. Some few picked half-heartedly at their claims, but quit without reaching bed-rock. It costs something to sink through frozen ground, and one spot seemed no more likely to cover a golden bed-rock than another. There was no reason why gold should be here, for there had never been a stream to bring it from the mountains or to concentrate it in a channel. So the tundra became a waste of abandoned locations.

There was one man, however, who owned a claim where a little creek meandered sluggishly. He sank many holes to bed-rock, while those who were wise to geology and familiar with "formations" smiled and spoke pityingly of a person who had no more mining sense than to choose such a spot in which to hunt for placer gold. Mr. Brown, however, had a "hunch" and believed in the maxim of the miner that "gold is where you find it." So he continued to sharpen his picks and grind away at his windlass.

$100,000 in Gold Amalgam. One Day's Clean-up From One Claim on Little Creek, Nome

It is the chronic condition of a miner with a "hunch" to be broke. Mr. Brown was that, and then some. He was mortgaged, and quit-claimed, and I. O. U.'d to the limit; then one day he struck it so rich that the camp was paralyzed, and could only walk out along the railroad track "for to admire and for to see," and, in the light of Mr. Brown's smile, to mumble the theory that it was a "spot," and he was mighty lucky. There being no reason for a pay-streak where he found it, they decided that this was a geological freak, and commenced to theorize.

Meanwhile, the quiet Mr. Brown was hoisting many thousands of yellow dollars daily. Inasmuch as it might run in any direction, if indeed it ran at all, there seemed to be no one desirous of risking the time or money to locate the extension of Mr. Brown's pay-streak—no one, that is, except two Swedes, Peterson and Johnson by name, who leased the claim adjoining, called the Portland Bench. They worked all winter, finding nothing.

Now, it takes much to discourage a Swede who has a steady place in which to dig, and it takes twice as much to discourage two Swedes; but toward spring the firm of Peterson and Johnson was about to dissolve in disgust and disaster. In fact, they offered to sell their lease for fifty dollars, but found no takers, so decided to sink one more shaft and then give it up.

Said Peterson, "You shovel off the snow and get ready to start another shaft over yonder, while I throw back the thawed dirt, in the head of the drift, just to make sure. We won't bother to hoist it out; it ain't worth while." Each went to his task. When he had finished his job, Peterson brought up a sample of dirt from the drift he was about to abandon, and panned it. He got seven dollars. He rushed back, took another shovelful and from this got twenty-seven dollars. They had really been

(Concluded on Page 88)

Eskimo Freighters Hauling Copper Ore from the Arctic by Means of Reindeer

THE DOTTY-RESTERS

"We've Got to Give a Benefit!"

"Doctor, I Could Work!"

How Judson Introduced Activity into "The Silences" and Shattered a Professional Ideal

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

THIS time the carryall which conveyed "guests" from Parrsville to Dr. Schwanebach Spitzer's famous place of rest carried one "guest" only. But that "guest" was Mr. J. J. Judson, the most enterprising young man who ever managed a department in the Imperial Wall-Paper Company. Three days before he had been exuberant with new ideas; he had even found himself waking up several times a night with them. There had been wall-paper "possibilities" all about his path. . . . He had merely made the very trifling error of confessing to his chief that he had developed the faculty of seeing things move around which he knew were standing perfectly still; and the chief had announced that there would be a month's rest for his, and in a rest-cure ranch at that!

The carryall crossed a bridge over a small river and entered the outer gate of "The Silences." "J. J."—he was also known as "Juddy" and "Jud"—sat up with an astonished jerk. He had fallen asleep, even as he had likewise done on the train which brought him up into the Catskills. "Ga-ad!" he said to himself; "maybe I did need a rest, after all. Well, now I'm fresh again, I'll be able to get into the game with the rest of the bunch."

His first impression of "The Silences" was that he was still asleep. Outwardly the place was almost as reassuring to him as any big mountain hotel. But, inwardly, it was a hotel without clerks, or register, or gongs, or call-boys sliding up front upon their heels. In the rotunda sat a number of gentlemen; but they sat mute, in a kind of subdued and solemn melancholy!

Evidently, he thought, he had struck the wigwam between performances, so to speak. He introduced himself to one of Doctor Spitzer's two youthful "aides," Dr. Clarence Casgraine, explained that he had dined coming up, and went out and sat in the rotunda himself until he began to grow actually nervous.

Finally he rose and tiptoed back to the "office" again. "Ah, Doctor, I hate to trouble you, you know, but when—when does it commence?"

"When does it—when does *what* commence?" Doctor Clarence was a harelike, jumpy young man, who cultivated "ease of manner." For the moment he lost it. "I don't quite understand what you mean?"

"Why, whatever your special racket is, you know."

"Well, really, I can't say that we specialize on any kind of racket. It would be hardly—hardly what our guests demand."

"Then what do we *do?*"

"My dear Mr.—Mr. Judson, why should you wish to do anything?"

"Why should we?—Great Eli! How else would we keep ourselves from remembering that we're *here?* Not that I want to hurt your feelings, of course. But you're not going to say that we don't do anything at all?"

"I'm afraid I must, Mr. Judson. And—and I assure you, you'll soon be telling us how much it agrees with you."

"Agrees with me! Agrees—— Say, do you know how long I'm in for?"

"No," said Doctor Clarence, a trifle shortly, "I did not take note of it."

"Well, I'm in for one month, that's all! One month! And I walked into it without so much as asking a question!"

He started dizzily forth, and began to take in his outer surroundings.

The first person he passed was a deep-eyed, mop-haired young man, who, with lips a-move, was glooming concentratedly into the after-glow of the sunset.

"Heh! The dotty-house poet, no doubt. Or maybe he's only an ingrowing humorist."

He came upon another "guest" standing forlornly beneath a tamarack. His buttoned-up tweeds, huge of check, shouted aloud that he was British. But he was palpably in the need of friendship, and Mr. Judson happened to know something which should be of cheer to him.

"I—I say, old man, I believe we brought up an English mail with us."

"Ow!—Thank you, dear chap. Did you, now? Quite seow!"

"J. J." got away from him as quickly as he could. "Gad!" he kept repeating to himself: "Gad!" And unconsciously he followed the slope down to the river-bank.

From the midst of a little, duskily-wooded island there was rising the bulbul throb of some stringed instrument. And then, with an infinitude of feeling, there came a succession of notes from the depths of the female human heart. . . . Mr. Judson was later to know the lady as Heloise Obrienne, the "Poetess of Solitude." But at that moment it would have put him in fear of his life to be introduced to her. . . .

He hastened gulpingly on. And his haste only brought him the sooner within the range of more heart-throbs, this time breathed into a cornet. Some one, hushedly but passionately, was yearning through the *Miserere* from Il Trovatore.

He turned and groped it back to "The Silences" again. In what must have been the music-room itself something was being extracted from a piano. It was a part of the Peer Gynt suite. But "J. J." was not aware of that. He only knew it was a kind of music to give a man the willies! He made for the "office."

"Doctor!—I sha'n't trouble you again—but just hold that last padded cell for me, the one over the engine-room, so I can hear the dynamos!"

Doctor Clarence reddened noticeably. "Really, Mr. Judson, I trust it's hardly as bad as that."

"Not as bad! Well, I feel like I'd been dead a week, that's all! I might as well have a harp and be in Heaven!"

"Oh, come now, you know, come now! In a day or two you'll be seeing things very differently."

"Yes, when I was sent up for seeing things only once or twice. Now, it's as if I was seeing them all the time!"

"But what do you wish to do? Our head—Doctor Spitzer—won't be back till the middle of the week. But for my own part I feel safe in assuring you that you are at liberty to express your activities in any manner you please. We place no restrictions whatever. We——"

"J. J." was backing up. And his countenance was, moment by moment, changing mightily. "Oh, *well* now—if you mean *that!* That gives a fellow some *chance!*"

"And if you wish to suggest something yourself?"

"Oh, I—I don't know as I have the nerve for it just *now*—not till I've had another sleep. But I'll try to scare up something to-morrow morning."

II

THE thing was, he told himself, how to get his *opening?* And, to his very great surprise, when once he had begun to pick up acquaintance, openings gave promise of appearing almost faster than he could consider them!

Leaving the breakfast-room, he touched elbows with a Major Buckner, whose hobby, "J. J." soon learned, was fish hatcheries. Moreover, the Major's brain machine was all right. He only needed to be touched off a little.

Through the Major, "J. J." met a number of the ladies. They were, for the most part, ladies who botanized and went on pilgrimages to Nature. . . . Yet within a few minutes they had unwittingly originated two or three ideas which—as he gave them freely back to them, commercially alchemized—he could not but feel might contain possibilities of a very decided order.

It was through the ladies, in their turn, that he met Morrissey Hoole, the comedian. And before he and Morrissey Hoole had known each other for half an hour they were excusing themselves from the embarrassment of all other company. Mr. Hoole was calling him "J. J.," and "Juddy," and "Jud" quite automatically, even as he had renamed Mr. Hoole "Foxy Quiller," and "F. Quiller," and "F. Q." For they had discovered in one another a great and common bond: "Foxy Q." likewise recognized the paramount and crushing necessity of doing something. More than that, he knew what they could do!

He took "J. J." convulsively by the arm and steered him down to the river opposite the island. "Juddy, I saw a balcony in this bank the first moment I stood on it! Observe, too, the parquet made by the shore below; the orchestra could be put in a boat, of course. And then cast your eye upon the island itself! Ain't it a stage to set any 'pastoral' man crazy? Lord, it's been eating me up ever since I came here! *We've got to give a benefit!*"

"Sure!" said Juddy. "Sure! But what for?"

"Why, for any old thing, or anybody. Only yesterday I heard of a man down over there in Parrsville who's just buried his third wife in two years, and all his mothers-in-law living yet! Could anybody get by *him*, for choice?"

"J. J." grinned like a cat. "Gad, it'd certainly be something to do, all right. I could take hold of your financing and advertising."

Foxy Quiller smote him palm to palm as a brother!

"And that's exactly what I'm honing for! You see, I'm all for art myself, and that simply nails the straps on me! Paying out money and that sort of thing just gets me bothered to death!"

He unloosed a skiff with twitching fervor, and they pulled across to the island. ("Isle of Dreams" was its name upon the descriptive circulars.)

"A little underbrushing, my boy, and a little rock-leveling, and it'll make the stage of the Metropolitan look like a town hall! I suppose you know we have

Arline Hope, of The Empress, and Paula Brayden—in stock, of course—up here? *They'd* be with us. And I think a lot of the other dames would come in, too."

"Sure! And Major Buckner, he seemed to be a good sport. I bet he'd back it. How many would we want?"

"We'd want 'em all, Juddy. If you can't find a seat for 'em on the band-wagon, it'll please 'em pretty near as much if you give 'em all first places shoving on behind."

"Sure! Sure! Once get her started, that's the big thing!" But with "J. J." she was started, and more than started, already.

III

DR. SCHWANEBACH SPITZER was a bald, roundly-built German-American of most impressive presence and dignity. And his power came from a profound balance and control within him. For this reason—he did not seek to hide it from himself—it exerted an influence over his guests even more potently, because more psychically spirit-calming, than that "atmosphere of freedom, nature and reposeful exclusiveness" to be enjoyed at "The Silences" itself.

Yet, as he frequently confessed, "he wass a man of demperament, also; he hat the ardist soul." Upon his table stood certain treasures of bronze and porcelain—two antique Chinese vases, a Hermes, a meditating Buddha and an inscrutable Grecian sphinx—the contemplation of which "could alone tirect and gompose his mind into its most teep and esoteric jannels."

(Be it likewise parenthetically made known that the Doctor was an exceedingly good man of business. He had two other "cures"—one in Maine and one in Florida. And for years his threefold income had also been of a profoundly composing potency in his hours of psychic meditation.) . . . But this did not mean that he would necessarily smile encouragement upon any manifestation of the business instinct in others.

He had been back at "The Silences" only a few hours when he was visited, successively, by Miss Crothers, Miss Blennerhasset and Mrs. Jackson Bugge, all of whom had suddenly, and simultaneously, and most avariciously, conceived the project of earning money by the retailing of rare wild flowers by mail! In the surrounding country grew the trailing arbutus, the fringed gentian and two varieties of cypripedium. Thousands of nice people would, beyond a doubt, wish to obtain them for their own gardens. . . . And, while all three ladies in turn assured the Doctor that they would, of course, take "company names," they wished to use "The Silences" as their business address.

He granted them the privilege, though with an acrid unwillingness. He granted it to Miss Crothers because Miss Crothers had some of the wealthiest connections in Manhattan. He granted it to Miss Blennerhasset because he was now committed already; and Miss Blennerhasset, though weak of will, was emotional. He granted it to Mrs. Bugge because Mrs. Bugge was one of those women whose requests wise men do not deny. Had he discriminated against *her*, within twenty-four hours she would have wrecked the establishment. . . .

And his anger, too, was further embittered by suspicion. All three petitioners had made use of a phraseology which was markedly not their own. And Mrs. Bugge had not even sought to soften and ladify it. She informed him that "with a fourteen-line ad., and a good display head, in a few of the big weeklies—(by writing at once she could catch some of the Sunday editions)—a person should be simply swamped with orders"; and she added bluntly that she had it from one who knew! . . .

She had barely departed when Miss Obrienne, the "Poetess of Solitude" herself, applied for an interview. He eluded her then. But he did not elude her later.

And, as he started violently down the corridor to make inquiries of his aides, there came upon him Major Buckner. The Major had a fully-elaborated plan to provide "The Silences" with a trout hatchery! He enlarged, too, upon the magnificent returns that would come in from the stocking of the streams on neighboring preserves, and, better still, in pure advertising value. "Get into the menus of some of the big Broadway restaurants: 'Trout from "The Silences"'; and, 'Come Up Where They're Caught and Catch Your Own!' Greatest ad.—greatest drawing card you could think of!" And here, again, the speaker was using a phraseology that was wholly foreign to him!

Doctor Casgraine and his fellow, Dr. Percy Dayton, were together. "Who hass arrived since I haf gone away?" demanded their "head" with fury; and he told of the interviews he had just been subjected to. "I would ask you who iss at the sdarding of this?"

Dr. Percy Dayton had no idea whatever.

Doctor Casgraine, with a feeling of "goneness" that would have been the making of a patent-medicine testimonial, was at length able to hazard a guess. . . .

But, happily for him, the "head" did not wait to question him further. He started forth at once; he would deal with this "J. J. Judson" himself!

The person he sought had just taken leave of a group of ladies by the south veranda. With great difficulty the Doctor caught up to him on the path leading to the river.

And, if he did express his guilty regrets, he expressed those regrets in a manner which bereft Dr. Schwanebach Spitzer, M. D., Ph. D., of all capacity for speech.

"Gad, Doctor," he said, "I *should* have offered it to you first, though of course you couldn't build a hatchery yourself, anyway. And, as for the wild-flower biz, *I* couldn't know that the whole bunch would swoop on it like that! But, look here, now—supposing they *have*—ain't that just where you get *your* mitt in? Can they dig up enough gentians and cypripediums and whatever they are out in the bush to meet the demand? Not in a thousand years! All you need to do is to start growing gentians, cypripediums, etc., etc., somewhere in your back garden, and offer to furnish retail stocks on a regular commission basis!" He beamed, and tried to put his hand on the Doctor. "And, jinks, it'd give you *another* grip!—'Nature's own Botanical Gardens'—ay? 'Get Cured, and Take a Course of Wild-Flower Culture While You Wait'—ay? Wouldn't that fetch them? *Wouldn't* it? Why, it'd be simply the biggest thing on earth! But that's Foxy Quiller—Mr. Hoole, you know—giving me the lonely shout. Gad, I've got something for *him* that'll hit him like a whole Bronx greenhouse full of wild flowers!" He waved away whatever thanks the Doctor might wish to overwhelm him with and hurried on down to the river.

The Doctor, for his part, continued to stand there for some time. He was breathing, for the most part, through his mouth, and his few pale "goose hairs" stood quiveringly erect upon his empurpled cranium.

But it was not anger that he felt now. No! For no man of true dignity would allow himself to be angered by "sotch a vorm, sotch a beedle—a beedle dalking and krinning and waving ids arms!" . . . He knew not how "this Jodson beedle" had made its way into "The Silences." But he knew that "like a beedle—like a gokroach, he should again oud be cast! He would not himself speak more with him. He would nod so degrate his mind! He should be dealt with by the Spitzbube, Casgraine, who had allowed him to arrive!"

IV

"'F. Q.,'" said Juddy, and girdling him ecstatically he sought for his floating ribs, "what would you attempt to remark if I told you that this benefit was going to be a sure-enough play, and a play written by one of us dotty-resters, at that?"

Foxy Quiller slowly let his tongue expand his cheek.

"Huh?—Well, I don't know, now. Which one of us wrote it?"

"Ever met that dark little guy with the eyes and hair?"

"The poet?"

"That's who. And poetical dramas are his line. He told me all about it. He's got one of 'em with him—sneaked it in under his vest. It's a crack-a-jack, too!"

"Hm. How does the plot shape up?"

"Why, it's all about an Indian maiden, Iolanda, her name is—sounds a good deal like a sleeping-car, I know, or a swell apartment-house, but she's *all right*—and a white man who gets crushed on her. He's a kind of a poet geezer himself, who's gone out into the cañons to commune with his soul and all that sort of thing. And as soon as they meet—well, there you are! They start pouring it all over each other right from the beginning. But, jinks, just then is the time her tribe has picked to go and collect paleface hair. Of course, under the circumstances, she feels that it's up to her to give the snap away. The palefaces are ready and loaded, and, gad, the first Indian guy to be soaked is her old man! It's all off then! She gives herself the glittering knife after the next hundred lines. And, when *he's* through, the poet guy makes his finish alongside, with her head on his bosom!"

"Hm," said Foxy Q. again.

"Oh, it'd be pathos, of course. But, gad, you know, pathos is great stuff if you can only make it strong enough! I'll just tell you, now, if I was a writer myself, you'd see me buzzing the pathos automobile all the time!"

Foxy Quiller reflected for a moment. "Miss Hope could do Iolanda, all right, or Miss Brayden, either, for that matter."

"Sure! I thought of that at the start off, and I've seen 'em both already."

"Seen 'em *both*?"

"Sure thing. So there couldn't be any jealousy, you know. They're both willing, too. They can get together now and settle which of them is best suited for it themselves."

"*Oh!* Oh, my *cats!* Oh, my! Oh, Juddy ——"

"Why, what's the matter with that? I only did it out of tact. And, mind you, that's something I don't often get down to. They'll settle things all right. They're two of the nicest girls I ever met. Don't you worry about *them*."

"Oh, well! Well! Forget it for the present! Maybe, they will. Maybe, they will. And the—ah—the part of the poetical chap—how about him?"

"Oh, it's all right about that, too. I could see from the beginning that the little poet felt that *he* belonged there. In fact, he told me he thought he could put into it things that no one else would. And it's his play, of course. But, say, I'm afraid that'll rather cut *you* out of a part?"

"Oh, don't mention it, my boy; don't mention it at all."

"You see, I rather thought of you taking hold of the whole thing, managing it—training 'em all, you know—showing 'em where they can get in the really *fine* work. I'd swear you were just cut out for that."

The buoyant suddenness with which F. Quiller re-rose from the depths was quite astonishing. "Why, by Jupiter, old man!—hah!—if you think so! If you think so! You mean it would be pretty much like having my own company? Well, now, just between us—and I don't say it to crack myself up at all—that's a thing several people have said I'd hit it in—hit it in hard! I've some clippings in my trunk; I'll show 'em to you later. They've always held me down on Broadway—though I don't mention any names. But, by Jupiter, Juddy, you know—if once I got into 'em by making good! Bigger'n the Garden up here!"

"Sure!" acclaimed "J. J." "Sure!"

"And we could make it one of those art dramas, too. They're what get the critics, every time!"

"Sure! How'll we do for Indians?"

"Indians? You'll find 'em growing on every bush! Why, ain't every true man an Indian by nature? And I'll tell you more, Juddy. Through the Major I've found some one who's right there for plotting us out our house and boards—he's a sort of landscape-garden sharp—Bagehot-Langton—the English rester, you know."

"Not the dead one in the buttoned-up horse blankets?"

"Every time! And when the Major showed him what was needed, he loosened out his legs and resurrected himself so quick ——"

"F. Quiller, no more! Don't pile any more on me to-day. If we've got 'Quite seow,' we'll have to hold off the main bunch with shotguns! And, gad, wasn't it

"Anyding at All! Tynamite der Whole Zanatarium!"

worth while, now? Ain't it *always* worth while to start things up and get 'em going? And, jinks, if you'd 'a' told me, the night I was planted here ——"

Young Doctor Casgraine was approaching them along the shore. And he had something to say to Mr. Judson. "He had not forgotten his dissatisfaction with 'The Silences,' and he was now in a position to offer him the chance to transfer to one of the other Catskill 'cures.' You might say that they are our rivals—but we should be very happy, Mr. Judson, to transfer you to any of them you may decide upon."

"Doctor," said "J. J." with feeling, "I want to crawfish! Since Foxy Quiller and I have been getting together there isn't anything the matter with 'The Silences' for a cent!" He told him what he and Foxy Quiller had been getting together on, and bodied forth some of the "possibilities" therein! "Doctor, as it is now, you couldn't get me to climb the wall *by showing me money!*"

When Doctor Casgraine returned to the sanctum of the "head" he limited himself to reporting that it would really not be practicable to get rid of Mr. Judson, for a few days at least. He did not feel that it was judicious to say anything in regard to the impending "*possibilities*" whatever.

V

MONDAY morning brought in its bundles of the more reputable Sunday papers. And very shortly thereafter it brought to Dr. Schwanebach Spitzer a fast-following series of visitors. The eyes of the "Poetess of Solitude" had encountered not only her own advertisement but two others also giving "The Silences" address. As a lady, she desired, of course, to withdraw from any business in which there was to be competition.

Miss Blennerhasset had not reached the advertising stage at all. But none the less she wished to say, and she said it almost with tears, that she understood she was to have the field alone.

Miss Crothers and Mrs. Bugge arrived together. And they had—severally—understood the same thing. It also now appeared that they had both taken the same "company name." It had been suggested by a third party. But Mrs. Bugge could take her oath that she had been the first to adopt it. And there now presented itself an infringement of patent rights which she found outrageous and intolerable. What letters of inquiry had come in by that first mail she had assumed charge of, pending a decision in her favor. And she wished Doctor Spitzer to settle the matter *at once*.

Miss Crothers wished him to settle it even *more* speedily, if possible. And in the mean time she desired, with accents tense with danger, to be given *at the least* her just and rightful half of the correspondence. As there were three letters, this in itself presented difficulties. When the Doctor finally took his eyes from a fixed contemplation of the Grecian sphinx, and said that he would have an opportunity of seeing them again, Mrs. Bugge said that he would, indeed!

Nor did it appear that the retailing of wild flowers was the only form of activity which could suggest itself, or be suggested, to the lady "resters" of "The Silences."

The above commercial controversy had been—temporarily—ended only a few moments when two stout dowagers arrived together, with wholly independent requests to be given the facilities to engage in systematic pedestrian trips and mountain climbing—the same to be made the more easily possible by the establishment's furnishing an equipment of tents, supplies and guides. As they informed him—with an echo that pierced his vitals as with an alpenstock—"Why go to Switzerland when you can have Switzerland in your own front yard?"

And they only abandoned that oaken inner sanctum to give place to Major Buckner. The Major did not wish to seem to speak disparagingly of an enterprise which, indeed, he was doing all in his small power to help along. But he could not help feeling that if the Doctor saw fit to favor the setting up of an out-of-doors stage and auditorium, he should now be of a different mind ——"

"Stache und autitorium! Was? *Was? Jodson!* Iss it *Jodson!* Iss it not *Jodson?*"

"Why," responded the Major, "naturally Mr. Judson ——"

"Ach, I knew it well! Wildt flowers, und hadcheries, und why go to Svitzerland, und now also staches und autitoriums! It iss all—*all* Jodson! He stayss no minute—no *segond* longer!"

And undoubtedly the career of Mr. J. J. Judson at "The Silences" would have ended within the hour had not Doctor Schwanebach encountered Bagehot-Langton, with stride most businesslike, coming up the slope from "Isle of Dreams."

"Ow, Doctor!" he hailed him. "I was just about to seek you out. Your little play, you know—I understand you're in need of a bit of professional leveling and laying off, you know."

Bagehot-Langton's Britannic reserve had always made him an object of considerable respect and awe to Doctor Spitzer. Now, however, the Doctor made what excuse he could and, backing up, started down a side path.

He could reach the island by taking a detour through the new plantation. He took the detour and found Bagehot-Langton awaiting him when he came out.

"I faancy, Doctor," he said, "that I may not have made my meaning entirely clear. I had no idea of anything elaborate, you know. A few workmen and teams would manage everything in three days."

"But the *rock*—mein Gott, you would haf to *plast* it—you would haf to use tynamite!"

"Ow, graunt it, graunt it! You caun't break your egg without making an omelette, as the fellah says. But I should manage it somehow. And now that you've set out to give your people their little treat, you know ——"

The Doctor put back what should have been the hair upon the top of his head. He did it several times. "I—I shall think of it, Mr. Langton—*later—to-day—to-night.*" And waving his arms he rushed blindly back to "The Silences."

"Jowve!" exclaimed B.-L., in a fair way to be astonished—"Jowve! but the Doctor seems to be in a regular mix to-day. I always understood, you know, that these Germans were so jolly well stodgy and phlegmatic!"

VI

"FORGET 'em, Foxy Q., forget 'em! I tell you we can work in Miss Obrienne in a way to keep you from noticing whether there's any leading lady or not!"

"But there isn't any part for her. And she ain't an artist. She's a poet. They call her the 'Poetess of Solitude.'"

"Sure, she is. But, gad, F. Quiller, what would be the use of your being all stuck on solitude, that way, if you couldn't get loose on a bunch of people every little while, and tell 'em about it?"

"But there's the little poet, too. Would *he* like it?"

"Like it? Ain't poetry the one thing this age is shy on? I'll bet he never had a chance to get his fill of it, at one sitting, before in his life! Look here, now; take the big death scene in the end-up. Supposing we were loaded with two or three star bombs—those that drop all the drifting, colored lights, you know ——"

"Crimmy! *That'd* be an idea, all right. That'd be a new one, even for art drama!"

"Only, of course, we'd want some that wouldn't make too much noise—that'd go off under a feather bed, so to speak: for, gad, you've got to do these things with a lot of delicacy. And while their lights were dying, dying, as the poet says—somewhere in the background—or keep her out of sight altogether—the poetess kind of opens up in a last quivery-quavery dirge. And just as the last star dies out the dirge slowly dies down and out along with it!"

"Miss Arline Hope, of The Empress, and Miss Paula Brayden in Stock"

"Great! Simply great! Oh, by Jupiter, you know!"

"F. Q." hugged himself and broke into a "buck-and-wing." "That's—that's the pure McGilligan! That's the artest kind of art! That's what the critics tie up into knots over, every time! Say, if we were only on Broadway with it, now!"

"Gad," said "J. J.," "we'll fix that! We'll have a bunch of critics *up here!* We'll arrange special connections for them! And we'll send 'em home so they can't think of anything else for a week! Is Iolanda going to be all right? Is she? And say, half an hour ago, Foxy Q., between Miss Hope and Miss Brayden, I'll bet you thought circumstances had us spiked!"

"But where do you get your ideas, Juddy? That's what bothers me."

"'F. Q.,' the faster I have 'em, the faster they come! It's the way I am. Gad, sometimes I have 'em piling out so thick and all bunched up together that I couldn't dictate 'em to four stenographers! There wouldn't be room for 'em in a 48-drawer cabinet! And you think, maybe, that all I'm having just now are in the play! Not for a cent. I've had enough more, this last week, to sink a ship!"

VII

WHEN "The Silences'" distinguished "head" passed gaspingly through the outer office on the way to his own private quarters he did not respond to the wonderment upon the countenance of Dr. Percy Dayton with any explanation of what had taken place. He merely said that "he hat a neet to rekain his mindt control." For an hour no one whatever was to be admitted to him. More than that, upon certain names he laid an absolute ban. "And Mrs. Bugge—if you admit *her*, I will *gill* her. And I will *gill* you also!"

It was well that this was made thus explicit, for Mrs. Bugge was above all the most insistent to apply. Later, however, there came others who could not but be welcome—for example, Holden A. Case, the solemn-jawed but eminent hydraulic and electrical engineer.

Mr. Case had been given to understand that the Doctor now had under consideration the project of establishing a trout hatchery. This would call for a dam. And, with a very trifling amount of work—which he would regard as so much recreation—he could put in "a small penstock and turbines."

Even while Mr. Case was somewhat sourly withdrawing himself, and the Doctor taking hold of the arms of his chair and transferring his aching gaze from the Hermes to the brooding Buddha, there entered Miss Arline Hope, of The Empress, and Miss Paula Brayden—in stock—themselves not unlike two turbines under the highest

(Continued on Page 51)

"You've Got to Remember All the Time that They are Dotty-Resters"

THE RISE OF HARRIMAN

Borrowed Millions that Make Millions

By WILL PAYNE

"Turned My Back and Walked Out"

IN HIS truly Napoleonic battle with Hill and Morgan for control of Northern Pacific in the spring of 1901, Harriman had been able to secure the decisive support of the Standard Oil crowd. Napoleon observed that Providence usually fought on the side that had the heaviest battalions. The Standard Oil Olympians, I believe, commonly range themselves on the side that can promise the largest profits. Mr. Harriman is a tiptop trader in men, as he showed recently in winning over Astor and Vanderbilt to vote with him in deposing Mr. Fish from the presidency of the Illinois Central.

He won the Northern Pacific fight by the sheer force of money and nerve. Some of James J. Hill's English and Canadian friends, who had stood loyally by him in the building of Great Northern, were large stockholders of Northern Pacific, and refused tempting offers to sell their stock to Hill's antagonists. One Englishman, with twenty thousand shares, was offered four million dollars; but he stuck to Hill. However, neither Hill nor the Englishman is, strictly speaking, a Wall-Street man.

When noses were counted after the panic of May 9, Harriman had a clear majority of the stock, yet he could not get control of the road. Northern Pacific had eighty millions of common stock and seventy-five millions of preferred. The Harriman side held thirty-seven millions of common and forty-one millions of preferred. But the company had the right to call in and cancel this preferred stock by paying its face value. The directors were Hill-Morgan men and threatened to exercise this privilege, which would leave outstanding only the common stock, of which Hill and Morgan had a majority. Of course, Harriman would fight the cancellation of his preferred stock, and if he could once vote it he could elect his own directors. So there was a pretty kettle of fish.

It is a rather striking tribute to J. Pierpont Morgan that, in this dilemma, he was made the arbiter, although he had been Hill's ally in the fight. Both sides agreed to let Morgan pick a board of directors for Northern Pacific. This he did with eminent fairness, and William K. Vanderbilt was made a sort of umpire or referee to hold the balance between the two factions.

Harriman's great object in buying outright, first and last, nearly eight hundred thousand shares of Northern Pacific stock was to insure that his Union Pacific interests would receive consideration. This he accomplished. Subsequent developments, however, practically eliminated him from the Northern situation, as we shall see later.

What finally saved the day for him in the Northern Pacific fight was his ability to command quickly an amount of money. It took over eighty million dollars to pay for the Northern Pacific stock that he bought. In the month of the fight, May, 1901, he was elected a director of the Equitable Life, at the same time borrowing $2,700,000 from it. The Equitable in those halcyon days used to carry loose cash to the amount of about thirty million dollars. Mr. Harriman let young James Hazen Hyde be a director of Union Pacific and Southern Pacific. Also, the following year, he let him join the famous pool in Union Pacific preferred. In the fall of 1902 the stock-market was sick. Many holders had been forced to liquidate, and the immediate outlook was dubious. Harriman then formed a pool to buy fifty millions of Union Pacific preferred and lock it up for five years

a proceeding which would obviously lighten, in a marked degree, the subsequent task of supporting Union Pacific in the market. Young Hyde took a five per cent. interest, or $2,500,000. Of course, he at once turned the subscription over to the Equitable in so far as concerned furnishing the cash.

Mr. Harriman testified: "I told Mr. Hyde we would not recognize the Equitable as a member of the syndicate. I think I said to him I did not see any objection to the Equitable being interested in it, provided he could safeguard our confidence as to the fact of our having a syndicate—so our contemplating so large a purchase should not be known."

He seems to have seen no objection to putting life-insurance funds into a stock-market pool; but he did not want the fact of there being a pool made public. This, of course, is good Stock Exchange strategy—for there, as in certain other walks, keeping people in the dark greatly facilitates operations.

Bad times were coming for young Hyde, however. Presently, he and President Alexander got into what the police in humbler spheres call a clothes-line fight. Both sides began making scandalous disclosures in the press. The public, which had about fifteen hundred millions of insurance in the Equitable, was profoundly disturbed. Mr. Harriman was quick to see the drift. He proposed that the directors appoint a committee which should make a thorough investigation, and report. But some fellow-directors, notably Senator Depew, argued against it, and persuaded him to wait a while.

Young Mr. Hyde owned a majority of the capital stock of the Equitable, and, as it was then purely a stock company, this majority carried absolute control of it. Hyde had found the situation exceedingly agreeable theretofore, and, naturally, was not anxious for investigations and radical changes. Meantime, fresh disclosures were coming to print daily; the scandal and the public agitation daily grew.

Mr. Harriman took up his idea of an investigating committee and pressed it. The committee was appointed April 6, 1905. Henry Clay Frick, the steel magnate, was chairman, and Harriman a member. It took up all the charges that Alexander had made against Hyde, and the charges that Hyde had made against Alexander, and some other things on its own book. In the latter part of May it was ready to report. The day before the report was presented Hyde and Harriman had a talk.

"I advised him," said Mr. Harriman, "to go before the board and move the adoption of the committee's report. And I told him if he would do that I would stand by him through thick and thin."

"Did you acquaint him," was asked, "with the purport of that report?"

"No," said Mr. Harriman.

"Did you suggest to him that the report recommended his removal?"

"No. I told him, no matter what the report might be, if I were in his place I would favor its adoption."

There is no question, however, that Hyde had painful suspicions as to the nature of that report; and when it was presented to the board next day his worst fears were verified. It ruthlessly bared a great lot of graft, and recommended that both Hyde and Alexander be thrown out. Perhaps Hyde thought that, while Harriman might stand by him through thick and thin after that, the standing would be all very thin for him.

There wasn't any question about the rotten condition which the Frick report disclosed; but the board of the Equitable was largely composed of a collection of eminent dummies who had been put in there by Hyde's favor, and these vastly respectable puppets tried to suppress the report. They refused to accept it. But two days later the report was given to the press by the committee itself. Harriman resigned from the board. This was June 2. In the face of the storm that this Frick report raised, it was evident that both Hyde and Alexander must get out.

There is no doubt as to what young Hyde thought about it. He thought his friend Harriman had betrayed him to destruction and wanted to depress the value of his Equitable stock. It has not been shown that Harriman ever tried to buy this stock from Hyde. Harriman himself declared he never made Hyde an offer for it, but did offer to subscribe half a million to a pool which would hold the stock for the benefit of the company.

Whether he expected this stock, carrying control of the Equitable, to drop into his lap through the force of circumstances—the chief circumstance being the awful pressure upon Hyde following the Frick report—I do not know; but that seems to have been Hyde's interpretation of the situation. Such an interpretation, naturally, was acutely irritating to him. And just a week after the Frick bomb was exploded, as Mr. Harriman was going from the Erie Ferry to his office, a gentleman met him with the disturbing intelligence that Hyde had sold his Equitable stock to Mr. Thomas Fortune Ryan.

"It was," said Mr. Harriman on the witness stand, "rather staggering to anybody that Ryan wanted to control the Equitable, or should control it."

He did not stagger, however, but made for a telephone, and conveyed to Mr. Ryan briefly his sense of the unfitness of the transaction. Mr. Ryan replied soothingly and invited Mr. Harriman to come over. Fifteen minutes later the two great financiers were closeted together.

Now, Mr. Ryan had the stock, but he did not have the Equitable. The old board of directors, of course, were in full legal control of the company, and they could not be supplanted, except by their own voluntary action, until the next election came around. Ryan's purchase of the Hyde stock was as yet a secret from the public. It is only fair to say that Mr. Ryan was not known as a philanthropist. There might be powerful opposition to his taking dominion over a great life-insurance company with 560,000 policies in force and four hundred millions of assets. What he wanted, and wanted very urgently that morning, was to have the Equitable directors elect his nominee, Paul Morton, chairman of the board, and to put Mr. Morton in practical control of the company. True, Mr. Harriman had split with the majority of the board and resigned from it. But so rich and able a man is never without influence.

Mr. Harriman says Mr. Ryan assured him he was acting from pure motives; he wanted to make a name for himself by doing something conspicuous for the general good—his most conspicuous acts theretofore having scarcely been in that category. He urged Mr. Harriman to coöperate with him in having Morton put in control of the company. And Mr. Harriman did "use his influence" to have Morton elected. He says Mr. Ryan called him up and thanked him for it and promised to do nothing further without his

"Well," Said the Dutchman, "If He Wants to Sell Any More Bonds in My Country He Will Have to Get President Diaz to Change His Name from Stillwell to Topolobambo"

consent; wished especially to know where he could be reached that evening. Mr. Harriman agreed to stay in town, instead of going to his country place as usual, and repaired to the Metropolitan Club.

He waited there with his consent in his hand, so to speak, until eleven o'clock at night. Then appeared Mr. Cravath, one of Ryan's lawyers. Mr. Cravath said he was sorry that they had been obliged to act without consulting Mr. Harriman, but Elihu Root—also of counsel for Mr. Ryan—had insisted that the three trustees for the Hyde stock be selected immediately in order that the announcement might be given out in time for the morning papers.

Mr. Harriman replied that there were telephones in the Metropolitan Club, over one of which he might have been consulted without losing much time. Also, he says, "I told Mr. Cravath that I was not in the habit of being trifled with in that manner, and turned my back and walked out." And they do say that he still carefully preserves, and occasionally contemplates very thoughtfully, the lemon which his friend Thomas Fortune Ryan presented to him that evening.

Ryan paid Hyde $2,500,000 for the Equitable stock—502 shares—and put it in the hands of three trustees, Grover Cleveland, George Westinghouse and Justice Morgan J. O'Bryan. Mr. Harriman admits that, a few days after the Metropolitan Club incident, he offered to buy half the stock—not knowing or caring what the price was—if Ryan would appoint "two additional trustees who would be independent." Incidentally, he encountered a brand of secrecy as impervious as his own. He asked Ryan what he had paid for the stock, but Ryan was "very mysterious" about it; said he'd promised not to tell. As to that offer to buy half the stock, Mr. Ryan understood it to be in the nature of a demand. But he didn't give up.

Mr. Harriman's connection with the Equitable brought some of his political activities into play. That he would be active politically is quite a matter of course. It is part of his incarnation of Wall Street. The great money shop has always powerfully influenced the government of the State and the city. Many highly scandalous phases of its influence have been disclosed—from before Boss Tweed's time down to the latest life-insurance yellow-dog fund. Other phases are not so highly scandalous. Probably, it is natural enough for the ordinary politician to seek the countenance of the Joves of the Street even if he isn't secretly hoping that some Jove is going to put him next to a good thing in stocks. Seeking Jove's countenance, in Wall Street or Fifth Avenue, is the occupation of a great number of persons on Manhattan Island. Mr. Harriman himself explained that, if he were governor, he would like to have the friendship of as many eminent men, not themselves directly engaged in politics, as possible; and I haven't the least doubt that he regarded his relations with Governor Odell rather as a piece of good nature on his part.

Mr. Hughes said to him, "It has been openly charged that, through your relations with Mr. Odell, you have political influence."

"Well," Harriman replied, "I should think that Mr. Odell has political influence because of his relations with me." Undoubtedly that is the way he looks at it.

The Union and Southern Pacific roads had their political departments from the very beginning, when the charter amendment of 1864 was lobbied through Congress, as described in a previous article. Having been built largely by the bounty of the Government those grateful enterprises at once began to debauch the politics of their regions. No doubt they are better now, but one would not find much going on in a political way from the Missouri River to the coast in which they do not have a finger.

When Governor Odell was bossing the Republican party of New York, the newspapers called him Harriman's man; but, of course, that doesn't prove anything except that the boss was not respected. The Governor certainly had an eye to the Street, however. Among his ventures there was one in the United States Shipbuilding Company. The Street had indulged in an extensive debauch of industrial promotion. Shipbuilding was the day after the debauch. It was brought out in a state so excessively rotten that it fairly fell to pieces before the promoters could get it upright on its legs and run away. It issued seventy-eight millions of stuff that were humorously styled securities. The Mercantile Trust Company, controlled by the Equitable Life, was trustee for the bonds. Governor Odell invested $184,171 in these bonds, and later sold them at auction for $48,689. Then he sued the Mercantile Trust Company for the loss of $135,482. Also Senator Ambler introduced into the legislature a little bill to repeal the trust company's charter.

At this point there is a conflict in the testimony. Hyde says that Harriman came to him and said they ought to settle with Odell. Harriman says Hyde came to him and asked him to use his influence with Odell to get a settlement. At any rate, Mr. Harriman did arrange a meeting between Hyde and Odell, which took place in one of the rooms of his office at 120 Broadway, and a later interview at the Metropolitan Club, the result of which was that Odell was paid $75,000 in satisfaction of his claim. The suit was withdrawn, and the bill to repeal the charter was not pressed.

Mr. Harriman maintained friendly relations with Governor Higgins, Odell's successor. When the insurance investigation was on he requested the Governor and Speaker Nixon to keep him informed over the telephone as to what was turning up and likely to turn up in a legislative way that would be of interest to him. Of course, there was no harm in that. It was pointed out later that neither the Frick report nor the official report of the Superintendent of Insurance said anything about the Equitable's loan to Mr. Harriman.

Competent Critics Regard it as One of the Seven Blunders of the World

About two weeks before Mr. Ryan so disappointed him in the Equitable matter Mr. Harriman suffered another disappointment in losing control of the Kansas City Southern Railway. This line, running 840 miles from Kansas City to Port Arthur, Texas, was built in sections, along in the nineties, by Arthur C. Stillwell, one of the most picturesque of the minor geniuses of finance. He was once a newspaper reporter and before that, it is said, a clairvoyant; a handsome man, and reported by persons who have done business with him to possess a hypnotic gift. He got small comfort for his railroad project in this country; but went over to Holland and enlisted a couple of the Vanderbilts of that picturesque country.

His road was completed in 1897, and the manner of its construction—"due regard not being paid to permanent results"—was severely criticised afterward. Presently, it went into the hands of receivers, and attracted the discursive eye of Colonel John W. Gates. The Gates crowd eliminated Mr. Stillwell after a long and interesting fight, and completed the reorganization of the road in 1900. As part of the reorganization the stock was put into a voting trust which was to continue for five years. Gates was chairman of the board. The road touched Union Pacific territory at the north and Southern Pacific territory at the south. The summer following the reorganization it was observed that Colonel Gates and Mr. Harriman were getting quite chummy, and in October—this was 1900—Mr. Harriman took a dominant position in Kansas City Southern. The composition of the board of voting trustees was changed to give places to his nominees and he became chairman of the executive committee. The voting trust still had about four years and a half to run, during which time the stockholders could exercise no control over their property. After some time complaints were made that Kansas City Southern was run more for the benefit of Union Pacific and Southern Pacific than for its own benefit.

The Dutch were still about the largest holders of the securities, and to them Hermann Sielcken addressed a long letter on the state of the road. He said it had been "managed so as to do no harm to its neighbors and not much good to itself." "Nobody," he observed, "who knows Mr. Harriman will class him as a philanthropist in business," and he said that Harriman had run the road as an absolute autocrat.

He also said that Mr. Harriman took the office of chairman of the board without pay, but after three years had himself voted back pay at the rate of $25,000 a year. He concluded, "I know of nobody connected with the road who has received any benefit the last five years except the chairman of the board and a counsel who never did anything in the interest of the road."

The president of the road then addressed a long defensive letter to Mr. Harriman, as chairman of the board, which was printed and sent to stockholders. The letter was mostly taken up with showing that, after reorganization, the concern was in poor physical and financial condition, so that not much could be expected of it, yet earnings had decidedly increased. "It is needless to suggest," it said, "what danger the road would have subjected itself to if it had taken a position of antagonism to the strong lines in its territory."

At the election, however, the Sielcken ticket was successful, and the new management took possession. The ensuing annual report said that they found the road in very poor condition and without enough equipment; twenty-five per cent. of the engines were in bad order, and sixty-five per cent. of the freight cars unfit for use in the transportation of grain, merchandise and other commodities needing protection from water; that the failure to provide cars at competitive points had not only lost the road business directly, but had created a strong prejudice against it in the minds of shippers. It was pointed out that the road's freight-house at Kansas City was a narrow, open shed in poor repair, while competitors had fine warehouses; that a bridge over the Kaw River which went down two years before had not yet been rebuilt. The directors found that, while the road had received no interest on its large cash balances, it was carrying a loan of five hundred thousand dollars, notwithstanding it had money in hand to pay it. The property, they said, had not been maintained so that trains could pass over it safely at a proper rate of speed, and, in the six months from January 1 to June 30, 1905, there had been 715 wrecks and derailments; also that the expenses of the New York office had been increased to fifty thousand dollars a year.

Altogether it was considered quite a slam at Mr. Harriman as a manager of other people's railroads. Some Illinois Central stockholders were looking it up shortly after he bested Mr. Fish in the contest for control of that property.

Harriman, by the way, had encountered Stillwell before. When the Alton was for sale, Stillwell heard of it, and cheerfully attempted to sell it—much to the annoyance of the gentleman who owned it. The two may meet again, for Mr. Stillwell, undaunted by his misfortunes in Kansas City Southern, is engaged in building a road through Mexico—with English backing this time. Topolobambo, on the Gulf of California, is its objective. Some time ago, at a little dinner in New York, attended by one of the Dutch financiers who had been interested in Kansas City Southern, a guest remarked that President Diaz, in honor of the promoter, had just changed the name of the terminal town from Topolobambo to Stillwell. "Well," said the Dutchman, "if he wants to sell any more bonds in my country he will have to get President Diaz to change his name from Stillwell to Topolobambo."

About three years ago Mr. Harriman encountered another picturesque railroader in the person of Senator Clark, of Montana. This statesman is credited with drawing an income of a million a month from his copper mines, and seems fairly at his wit's end to know what to do with it. At any rate, his celebrated palace at Fifth Avenue and Seventy-seventh Street is sometimes accounted for as the last resource of a man desperately bent upon spending his money. A staple joke of the "Seeing New York" automobile guide is to point out this structure and say that competent critics regard it as one of the seven blunders of the world

Senator Clark decided to build a railroad from Salt Lake to Los Angeles. There wasn't any way of stopping him, for he could—and in part actually did—build the road, defraying the cost out of his income. So Mr. Harriman quite promptly went into partnership with him, taking a half interest and selling to the new enterprise some Oregon Short Line tracks. The completed road is now operated as part of the Union Pacific System.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Wilson Who Won't Budge

THEY have been starting fires under James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, for years; and not a thing has been burned but the fingers of the starters. When it comes to immobility, Wilson runs a close second to the Rock of Gibraltar, and ties with the Washington Monument and the pyramids of Egypt. Being a Scotchman, Wilson opens his window every morning, looks out on all the world, and shouts: "Come one, come all; this job shall fly from its firm base as soon as I1"

Secretary Wilson

That seems to be about the size of it. James Wilson has the job, and he cannot be separated from it. Many men have whirligigged through the Cabinet since President McKinley put Wilson there on the first day of his first term, in March, 1897, but there is Wilson, steadfast and steady, and there he will remain, in all probability, until President Roosevelt retires. Indeed, it would not be at all remarkable if he remained for years and years after that. There is a sort of an impression that he has taken root and grown so far down into the Department that it would be impossible to pull him out.

Wilson is the farmer's friend, the exalter of the American hen and the champion of the cow. Start him talking at any time—it isn't difficult—and he will reel off figures about the income from eggs, and the wealth from butter, and the riches in wheat, that will make you think that John D. Rockefeller and J. Pierpont Morgan, with their accumulations of money, are puny pikers in the land of gold. The farmer, says Wilson, is the backbone of the Nation. More than that, he is the ribs, the trunk, the legs, the arms and such other physiological features as occur to him at the moment. We have a Treasury, yes; and a Navy, yes; and an Army, yes; and an Interior Department and a Post-Office and all the rest. But where would they be, inquires Wilson in clarion tones, if the farmer was not standing behind them? Where, indeed? No echo answers, where? James Wilson tells you instead. They would all be extinct. There would be nothing. Hail the farmer, and hail James Wilson and his reign!

A Head of Carborundum

WILSON is a Scotchman. He comes from Tama County, Iowa, whence his name, Tama Jim. The Ayrshire breed of Scotchmen have heads so long it takes a tape-line to measure them, and the head of Tama Jim is long enough for two tape-lines. And hard! Carborundum is putty beside it. When you get one of those long, hard heads, you get a combination that rarely misses a trick, and foresees what the weather is going to be. James Wilson always has an umbrella handy when there is not a cloud in the sky.

He came to Washington with the reputation of being the foremost farmer in Iowa, that State of good farmers. He had conducted an agricultural experiment station, and had lectured on agriculture at the Iowa Agricultural College. He went into a Department where many fads had been pursued and where many an impossible theory had been fruitlessly chased. He built up and expanded, made experiments and sanctioned research. When he goes out—if he ever does—he will leave a long record of accomplishment and he will take with him the medal for continuous Cabinet service. That illustrates his character. He digs deep and never lets go.

It is a joy to hear the Secretary deliver his celebrated panegyric on the American hen. You chip your egg at breakfast and never think of the lowly instrument that made that egg for you. Listen to Wilson and you will become convinced that, to give her her just deserts, the hen should take the place of the eagle on the shield, with a newly-laid bunch of eggs instead of the quiverful of darts. The money that comes from chickens and eggs, as an item of the national wealth, makes you long to own the product for just one day. The money that comes from the wheat and the corn and all the rest of the stuff that grows in and out of the ground mounts to combinations of figures that make you dizzy. And the Secretary rolls out these sums and says: "We did it!"

He served in Congress for three terms and knows the ropes up there. No Congressional committee can delude him. He goes to the Hill and asks for an appropriation to send a scientist to the Sahara to find the bug that pollenizes the date-palm. If they ask him what about the date-palm, he pulls out a row of figures that shows how date-raising can be made a great industry in this country. "Do ye ken these?" he asks, and they generally ken them.

"I Want to Find the Person Here Who Knows Most About Steam Engineering"

Wings that Cost a Million and a Half

HE WANTED a new building for his Department and deserved it, for he was housed in an old brick shack on the Mall that was long ago outgrown. They gave him a million and a half of dollars. But Wilson wanted more. Did he protest to Congress? Not he. Wilson is a Scotchman. He took his million and a half and he had plans drawn for two ornate and resplendent wings to a building. The wings were built, one away over to the left and the other away over to the right. Between was a large hole.

It came time to ask for more money from Congress for buildings. Wilson was there with a request. "What for?" asked Congress. "We gave you a million and a half a while ago."

"You did," replied the Secretary, "and I am surely and profoundly grateful; but it was necessary to expend that money for wings. Now, I want more to build the main building between the wings. You cannot let those wings stand there with nothing between them. It would be a national disgrace. Do ye ken that?"

They kenned it. They had to.

From time to time there have been efforts to dislodge Wilson. The most serious one followed the cotton-report scandal. Some thrifty men in the Department were selling advance information on the crop to cotton gamblers and building flat-houses in Washington with the proceeds. It was a reflection on the Department, of course, but the President held it was no reflection on Wilson, and he stayed. He has stayed through other rumpuses of the same kind, stayed and is still staying, for the Scotch are a hardy and a persistent people.

During the war with Spain, and before it, Wilson was one of the close advisers of President McKinley. His big, slow, but accurate Scotch brain mulled over the problems that were presented and brought out solutions that were based on common-sense. There are no frills on him. He goes about his business every day attended by no brass bands, and when it comes to the diversion of politics he knows more in a minute than many of the fancier Cabinet members have ever learned or ever will.

Hypnotizing the Farmers

THE Administration uses him on the stump during the campaigns. Wilson wastes no time in the cities. Tall, gaunt, with raggedy gray whiskers, when he puts on his slouch hat and his cowhide boots and talks at a farmers' meeting he looks as if he had just driven in from the cornfield to exhort his neighbors to remain true to the faith. He is an old-fashioned partisan. He will admit, when pressed to it, that there may be some good in a Democrat, but he will qualify that statement by the hasty contention that he has never found it. When the Republican party elucidates a doctrine, Wilson stands on it with both feet, and all who daily are dastards and all who doubt are damned.

"This country," he says, "is prosperous, and that prosperity is owing to the farmer." That is all there is to it. The farmer is the man, with all other producing and consuming classes merely appendages of a minor sort. The land is the remedy for all ills, both social and economic.

Those are his principles. No man can shake him. No man can turn him. He is for the farmer, and he is satisfied with his job. From time to time there come stories that he will retire to give place to Gifford Pinchot, the President's friend, who is in the Department as forester. Speak to him about it and he will gaze at you from under those shaggy eyebrows and inquire: "Why should I retire?" There isn't any answer. Why should he? And they can keep putting blasts under him until doomsday without lifting him an inch.

The Man Who Coached Kipling

RUDYARD KIPLING spent a winter in Washington some years ago. One day he was found peering around in the corridors of the State, War and Navy Building.

"What is it, Mr. Kipling?" a man who knew him asked.

"I want to find the person here who knows most about steam engineering."

They referred him to Chief Engineer Melville, the great steam expert. "What is it?" asked Melville, after Kipling had been introduced.

"I want to find the man who knows most about steam engineering."

"Jim Perry's your man," said Melville, and he gave Kipling a card to Perry. Kipling went down to see Perry, talked to him for half a day, and then wrote his story, Between the Devil and the Deep Sea.

Perfect Peace

A CHICAGO man named Nutting went to New Jersey and bought a seaside home. He was declaiming of its glories to former Senator William E. Mason.

"It is a beautiful spot," he said, "facing the sea, and all about are great heaps of sand: acres and acres of it. I am much pleased with it, but I am at a loss to find a fitting name for the place."

"Why," said Mason, "that is easy enough. Call it Nutting Dune."

"Call it Nutting Dune"

Sampson Rock of Wall Street

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

XXII

"HOW do you do, Colonel Robinson?" said a short, stout, very dignified man who had just come in. He wore a long, white beard, and under shaggy, frowning brows two sharp eyes gleamed with a sort of general hostility. They did not gleam very intelligently; the hostility very obviously did not include the owner of the eyes.

Colonel Robinson rose rather eagerly. Perhaps he was glad of the opportunity. He was beginning to suspect that he was cornered by temptation; and he did not feel very robust.

"General Winfree, I am right glad to see you, sir. Won't you join us, General?"

The Colonel presented his friends to General Peyton B. Winfree and to the General's companion, Major Tolliver Moreland. The General was pleased to be almost gracious. The Major shook hands with a sort of restrained eagerness. He had heard that Mr. Darrell was very wealthy—heard it from a friend to whom Robinson had spoken of the "important developments."

"I trust your trip to New York was satisfactory, General," said Colonel Robinson. He looked at the old warrior with an affectionate hopefulness. Everybody in Richmond knew about the trip that was to make Winfree a rich man if only a few vulgar New York millionaires took the General's view of the value of a certain water-power at Winfreesboro. General Winfree himself was inclined to think that his trip was in a class of itself, next to which came Columbus' first voyage of discovery, the search for the Golden Fleece and Alexander's expeditions.

"Yes and no, Colonel Robinson," replied General Winfree, with an air of not only narrating, but making, history. "Northern capitalists are willing enough to supply the wherewithal. Oh, yes! But they realize the temporary financial impotence of the South and they exact the last drop of blood; and the carcass as well." The heavy mustaches moved up and down thrice; he was sneering.

"Oh, not all Northern capitalists, General Winfree!" said Sam with a sort of conciliating dissent.

"I should be overjoyed to make the personal acquaintance of the shining exceptions that your words would imply exist. They have kept out of *my* way with complete success, young sir. To me, politically," he went on, with an air of great magnanimity, "there is no North, no South, no East and no West. But in business the ways of the North are not the ways of the South. And I thank the Almighty that they are not," he finished, without the air of magnanimity.

"I have not had as much experience in business as you, General Winfree," said Sam; "but I do not find much difference in capitalists anywhere. All of them want to make as much money as they can. Darrell here has had many dealings with British capitalists, and he will tell you that London is as bad as New York. Some people have money to buy with and others have property to sell. The point of view is bound to differ."

"Speaking about London reminds me, Colonel Robinson," said General Winfree, temporarily overlooking Sam's impertinence in his eagerness not to forget to repeat bad news, "I've just seen in the evening papers that the Virginia Central bondholders' committee have received an adverse report from their expert." It was news to the Colonel, though not unexpected. The General looked almost happy at his success.

"The stock sold in New York to-day at twenty-seven and seven-eighths," put in Major Moreland, to show that, though he was not loquacious, he was entitled to a respectful hearing whenever he spoke. "Somebody must have known the news before the papers got it." He nodded. Almost he implied he knew who the somebody was. He haunted the local brokers' offices and knew the quotations of stocks and cotton just as though he were a plunger instead of a piker—the brokers were so unreasonable in the matter of margins! He was the kind that buys mining stocks to get rich, as per advertisements—a mental miser that loves to fondle imaginary gold coins.

"What could you expect from a man of Williams' breeding?" asked Colonel Robinson with a show of indignation. It was news he did not like to get at this time and place. General Winfree looked at him suspiciously. The Colonel went on hotly: "An ass, sir; a corrupt and malignant ass! But we don't need foreign capital." Colonel Robinson frowned: he himself would supply the Virginia Central's needs from his privy purse. His frown and his attitude showed plainly his determination to do so. That had been his autohypnotic trance these many years—before this same public, in this same club.

"You need any kind of capital you can get," said Winfree with a decisive irascibility—it had been simmering since Sam's audacity. "All that your stockholders care about is that you make the road pay dividends. And the

Sam's Last Order Made Sydney Think

way to do it is to improve it, and to do that you need money. And you've got to get it—the sooner the better." General Winfree nodded to himself. He agreed with General Winfree, the unsurpassed logician.

"General Winfree," said Colonel Robinson with much dignity, his ruddy face several shades ruddier, "I do not think the stockholders of the Virginia Central have any fault to find with the road or with the management. It has been my sleepless endeavor, sir, my sleepless endeavor ——"

"The repetition of the word *sleepless*, Colonel Robinson, in connection with the stockholders, is, as you might say, quite apropos." And General Winfree laughed disagreeably. He himself had been jarred by bankers. Sam's face flushed and he looked quickly at Darrell. The Westerner, from force of habit, looked twice as stolid as the Sphinx. He understood what Sam thought.

"I've just traveled over the Virginia Central," interjected Sam calmly, before Colonel Robinson could retort, "and I see nothing to make any reasonable man lose sleep. It's not the management's fault if the country through which it passes is not more productive. In my opinion it has a great future." Colonel Robinson looked pleased, and was about to speak when General Winfree said, so politely that the sneer was doubly effective:

"You are, of course, a large stockholder in it, young sir?"

"Not yet. Are you?" Sam remembered how boys goaded other boys into doing foolish things. Curious were the tools that Providence placed at the disposal of men who would do big work! But there need be no philosophizing about it. Time urged.

"Yes, sir. I am sorry to say that I am."

"Well," said Sam, "you needn't be. I'll take your holdings off your hands any time you say so."

"And I stand ready to do likewise, General Winfree," said Colonel Robinson with stupendous dignity.

"I do not propose to sell when the stock is at the lowest price of months—stock that I purchased on the assurance that it would prove a valuable investment." From the General's manner he owned a million shares. The sin of Colonel Robinson, who had given the assurance, was beyond characterization in a gentleman's club.

Before Colonel Robinson could retort that if the General had sold out a few weeks before he would have made a fair profit on his two hundred shares, Sam said with a smile:

"I thought not! But I'll tell you what I'll do ——" His hearers were disagreeably made aware that the young Northerner with the clean-cut features and gray-blue eyes was taunting General Winfree, who habitually browbeat half the State of Virginia—"I'll buy all the Virginia Central stock you own at ten dollars a share more than the highest price at which it sold on the New York Stock Exchange to-day. And I don't care a continental whether it's one share or one hundred thousand!"

"That's a pretty broad assertion, young sir," said the General, his brows frowning and his lips quivering. "The spoken word of an adolescent stranger rather curiously excited ——"

"General Winfree," interrupted Sam, very calmly, "I may be young, and I lack the phlegmatic temperament that I notice all elderly people have, but my word, sir, is as good as if I were a hundred years old and a philosopher, because I can back it up with good hard cash. And money talks, you know, in all languages."

Colonel Robinson looked at Darrell a trifle uneasily, and Jack said, very slowly, almost drawlingly:

"I guess if General Winfree wishes to dispose of his stock in the road managed by my friend Colonel Robinson, he will find us ready to do as you say, Sam."

"General Winfree, your play, sir," said Sam, bowing politely, but looking as though he were trying to repress a smile.

The General thought that possibly Robinson had secured new allies. He sputtered: "I think, of course, that the stock is worth more than thirty dollars a share." At that price his holdings showed him a loss of nearly $2000. He had overstayed his market. The realization of it did not make him more amiable.

"Then you have a splendid opportunity to make a fortune by buying more and holding it for a rise, which I think is bound to come sooner or later. Colonel Robinson will tell you that I am not a stockholder in his road, but I believe in it, and I have the courage of my convictions enough to agree to take 100,000 shares at forty dollars or fifty dollars a share ——"

"What?" shouted General Winfree.

Major Moreland said nothing. He stared fascinatedly at Sam. Here was a king-gambler, a man of real money. In the turbulent rush of the golden torrent he—Tolliver Moreland—might be splashed! He did not know how, but he would stand near by and never dodge. Was this stock going up on the mysterious developments Colonel Robinson had even more mysteriously hinted at? He listened with his very soul as the young man continued:

"Provided you have the stock ready at 10 A. M. to-morrow. Colonel Robinson, that will show some of your Southern friends what some of your Northern friends think of you." And Sam held out his hand. Colonel Robinson shook it, not over-enthusiastically. The affair was degenerating into a verbal brawl; and besides, that was not the wise way to secure the stock the Northerners said they needed in their stock-market deal. Darrell and his young friend were strangers and would be gone to-morrow. But Winfree would remain and his tongue with him; also his notion that eloquence consisted of a succession of explosions and arguments of invective. And, what was worse, many people in the State took General Winfree at General Winfree's own valuation. Colonel Robinson began to feel sorry he had not taken Darrell's check—certified. It was more than the stock was worth

"You ask an impossibility, sir, so delicately expressed that I am lost in admiration," said the General witheringly.

"General Winfree," replied Sam, with an air of making an effort to remain calm and respectful before age, "I am not in the habit of speaking merely to hear myself. It would be an asinine thing for me to offer to buy stock from you at forty that I can buy for thirty in the open market, and possibly for less to-morrow, though I hope not. What I had in mind was stock held by the people who know Colonel Robinson and are not satisfied with his management. Therefore I said, and I repeat, that I will buy all the stock that you own, General, at a price sufficiently above the prevailing market price to show I believe in doing justice to whom justice is due. Do I make myself sufficiently clear?"

"Do you mean to say," put in Major Moreland before General Winfree could reply, "that you will pay fifty dollars a share for 100,000 shares of Virginia Central stock?" The young man had said forty or fifty. He affected not to have heard the lower alternative figure.

"Yes, provided ——" began Sam.

"Of course there is a proviso with the courage of the convictions. Of course!" sneered General Winfree. He did not know what the young man's talk might mean. When in doubt, he sneered. Many people thought him a very wise man. He agreed with them. Thinking of his reputation now made him nod twice, sapiently.

"Of course; yes, sir, of course. Provided," Sam spoke deliberately because he knew what he wanted, "it is stock of people who are dissatisfied with the way my friend Colonel Robinson is managing the road."

"We are all friends of Colonel Robinson's, sir, whom we have known and admired for more years than you have spent on God's green footstool. For that reason, sir, we devoutly hope that what you say of the road's future may be fulfilled," said Major Moreland with a sincerity that was beyond all question. He went on deprecatingly: "But then, doubtless—er—ignoramuses who, as you say, may be discontented, however illogically, with—ah—the road's earnings and the talk of labor troubles and inability to float the bonds, and they ——" He paused. He

was quaking inwardly. The stock might go up in the future; to-morrow, cloudy and cold. Here was money in sight; to-day, fair and sunshine.

"Send them around," said Sam, exactly as though he were convinced not one would accept his offer and that Colonel Robinson's detractors would be silenced forever more. "I'll be here for some days yet."

"You doubtless would make that offer in writing?" pursued Major Moreland, as he thought, diplomatically. His question was a verbal pinch to himself, to determine whether he was asleep or awake. It was too good to be true.

"If Colonel Robinson doesn't object," said Sam with a touch of deference, "I am willing."

The Colonel fidgeted and replied deprecatingly: "I cannot object to so gratifying an exhibition of confidence in me, which, from its very unexpectedness, touches me deeply. But I really think, gentlemen ——"

"General Winfree, might I speak with you one moment? If these gentlemen will pardon me ——" And Major Moreland rose. The General and the Major retired to a remote corner and talked very earnestly, from time to time the Major shaking his head at some low but vehement words of the General.

Sam leaned over and whispered to Colonel Robinson: "This is the best way to tie up the stock. They brought it on themselves. Before they come back at me you must promise to give me the option on your 50,000 shares. Then I'll rush back to New York. Jack, give the Colonel your check for $250,000 now. Go into the other room while I wait here. No time to lose, Colonel. Wait till these people see how the stock will recover. They'll sing a different tune, and nobody can blame you. You will find that the same bond-houses that wouldn't touch your bonds will also be sorry. Think of your Capital Park and of my Austin Iron Company. No time to lose!" It was only vaguely that Sam felt Winfree and Moreland, the most indiscreet men in the world, would be most discreet in getting the stock he wanted. Nobody would suspect these men's principal; that was clear and that was enough. Hope filled his heart. Twice he clutched the air nervously.

Sought Options at Forty — or Forty-five, as He Said to Those Who Smelt a Mouse

Darrell seized the opportunity and deftly took the Colonel into the next room. He wrote out the check and gave it to the Central's president before Colonel Robinson could say his name. With $250,000 in his pocket, the worst that could happen, thought the Colonel, would be to lose his 50,000 shares and gain $3,000,000 for himself and his family if the options were exercised. And there was always the open market before him in which to purchase the stock. He knew his relations would be overjoyed to sell their holdings at even less than sixty-five dollars a share. Promises made in bursts of enthusiasm could be kept now. And, if the options were not exercised, the stock would advance in any case on the Darrell development of Austin coal and iron. That he was helping stock-gamblers was colorless; that he was helping Colonel Robinson was like the sunshine: golden.

He took the check carelessly, from force of habitual pose, and went back with Darrell just as General Winfree and his self-appointed accomplice were sitting down again beside Sam.

"Perhaps Mr. Darrell," said the General in the tone and manner he would have used had he been charged to deliver a challenge, "will make me an offer to buy at fifty dollars a share all the Virginia Central stock I can deliver to him?"

"My price was forty ——" began Sam.

"*Or* fifty, you said," interjected Moreland. He smiled. "You certainly said it, whatever you may have meant." The Major looked pleadingly at the young man. He subdued himself and proceeded to look contemptuous. The philosophy of the change of expression was so subtle that Moreland felt a thrill of pride.

"Very well. Mr. Darrell will, anyhow, if you can deliver enough to silence the anti-Robinson faction once and for all," replied Sam, with the good nature of a man who is overcharged at a café after a "killing" at the race-track. It was the diminishing distance between himself and a big block of Central stock that animated his thoughts and words and his very gestures. He felt that his exultation must not show. He concealed it by his manner. It seemed natural to him. Almost within his grasp was the prize. That kept him from thinking of other things.

"There is no anti-Robinson faction, sir, and I object to your unjustified and frequent use of that expression!" shouted General Winfree irascibly. "We are all, sir, friends of Colonel Robinson, as he knows without my saying it."

"Excuse me; I shall not use it again. . I thought there was such a faction." Sam smiled, not at all penitently.

"No, sir, there is not. We cherish a warm regard for all of Virginia's great and loyal sons, sir." He glared at Sam—for effect on Robinson. The General often permitted himself to think that Peyton B. Winfree was not only great and loyal, but also courtly and astute; very decidedly astute.

"I am delighted to hear it, General. And now, how much Virginia Central stock from Virginia's other loyal sons will you deliver to us, sir?" Sam almost repeated his flippancy, because, though he had indeed meant it as a goad, it seemed to exasperate Winfree to the verge of purple apoplexy. But the old man, by a great effort and a quick kick from Major Moreland, contented himself with sneering:

"More than you will probably care to see."

"Mr. Darrell," interjected Major Moreland with a smile he could not keep from tinging with apprehension, though he, also, meant it as a prudence-dispelling taunt, "may only have been jesting, General Winfree." Jack was the older man. Moreland made him responsible. Besides which, Colonel Robinson had hinted that Darrell was "good for millions." The young man was a stranger, and Moreland suddenly remembered that Robinson was one of God's optimists. But Darrell looked the more responsible.

"Jack, make the offer in writing," said Sam. Major Moreland drew in his breath. He heard the roar of the torrent. The little waves clinked. He stood near the shore. He *must* be splashed! Thinking of the golden bath kept him from thinking of any ulterior motives these Northern sports might have. That's all they were—gamblers, reckless, with the gambler's ignorance of the value of money.

Paper and ink were brought to the engineer, who had been thinking about it, and he therefore was able to write, with an impressive appearance of spontaneity, which accorded with Moreland's theory of the Northerners' recklessness:

I hereby agree to purchase from General Peyton B. Winfree not less than 50,000 and not more than 100,000 shares of the stock of the Virginia Central Railroad at fifty dollars per share, ten per cent. of the price to be paid on presentation of the certificates at the Southern National Bank of Richmond, Va., an additional ten per cent. thirty days thereafter, and the balance of eighty per cent. within sixty days from this date. In the event of my failure to pay the second installment, the first installment is to be forfeited, and if both the first and the second installments shall have been paid and the final payment is not made on or before the date specified, all previous payments shall be forfeited to General Winfree, the stock in the mean while to remain in escrow with the president of the Southern National Bank until the final payment is made and to be returned by him to General Winfree in the event of the failure of said payment to be made. This offer to hold good until 12 o'clock meridian on May 15. It is further understood that this applies exclusively to stock which shall have been in possession of the present owners for at least three months previous to May 15.

JOHN A. DARRELL.

Darrell read it aloud. Sam said:

"There you are, General."

"Your generous and philanthropic offer, sir, is full of 'provisos' and 'ifs' and 'buts,'" said General Winfree disagreeably. It had upset a very naïve plan of his.

"Did you think we were going to pay fifty dollars a share for stock that you could buy to-morrow on the New York Stock Exchange for twenty dollars a share less? This binds you to nothing, and it covers all your stock and Major Moreland's and your other friends who have held it more than a few weeks. Put in 'and associates,' Jack, after General Winfree's name. That lets in everybody in Richmond and vicinity."

Darrell so wrote, and Sam said: "Colonel Robinson had better witness this document. The phraseology may not be legal, but it will fully hold. It is backed by the word of Mr. Darrell, which is as good as his bond"—and Sam looked straight into General Winfree's eyes, as man to man.

"I am sure that makes it absolutely to be depended on, sir," put in Major Moreland cordially. "But I do not think our conversation should become public."

"Certainly not," affirmed the General fiercely.

"As you please," said Sam carelessly. In their eagerness to make money, Moreland and Winfree would tell the owners of the stock many things, but not the truth. This aroused no indignation in Sam. He was too eager to get the stock.

Moreland nudged General Winfree. The old man put out his hand to Sam, very formally, almost as if reluctantly. Sam shook it without any apparent feeling whatever and he said:

"And now, sir, let me say the last word. When we came to Richmond we had not the slightest idea we would make you such an offer. It is not a businesslike thing, on the face of it. But when we came here we also did not know Colonel Robinson, excepting by his reputation, and, now that we know him, we like him. This, and my belief that better days are coming for this State, and coming soon, will explain my action."

"A feeling we all share with you, gentlemen," said Major Moreland, in duty bound. He thought better days were coming for the Morelands.

It made a pleasant feeling go all around. Moreland was living in the blissful dollar-studded future; Colonel Robinson was already tiding over his troubles; Sam saw the stock he needed coming toward him in hordes; Darrell thought the buying agents had been selected by Providence, but that Sam had managed it very well. If anybody else but a rich and reckless boy had made the same proposition, the device would have been too transparent.

Shortly afterward the party broke up. Sam shook hands very warmly with Colonel Robinson, who had been very thoughtful. Was it a trap? Colonel Robinson felt certain that Sam liked him; which indeed Sam did, now. Did these Northerners really want the Virginia Central stock to make a big plunge in the stock-market? The Colonel realized that they had completely tied up the Virginia-held stock by this manœuvre, at a relatively small cost. If the entire stock-market had not been so weak, and if Williams' report had not been adverse—and, in his heart of hearts, he had known it would be both adverse and honest—the Colonel would have suspected buying for control; and with that control he would not part, because it meant more than money: it meant the prestige of the road's presidency and a lifelong habit. But, on the other hand, many of his friends took the same view that General Winfree did of his management, and he must have the Virginia holders friendly to him if he would keep the control. There had never been any serious organized opposition to him. Before elections he always promised—promised anything. But now the obstinate and narrow-minded bankers at home and everywhere else refused to lend money to the road—and to its president. That thought helped to club his doubts into insensibility.

At the door of the club Darrell said to him:

"Colonel Robinson, I think you will hear less grumbling in the future. If by any chance the General should produce enough stock to make the youngster's deal more profitable than we now hope by reducing the amount that an advance would bring on the market, we shall do what is right by you. But it seems to me only fair to say that we look to you to do the right thing by us in Austin, in the matter of rates and facilities."

Robinson smiled weakly. "Still at it! I think you always get what you want. You may count on the Virginia Central to do what is right." He really felt some relief. It looked, from Darrell's persistence, as if there was no more to the Darrell scheme than they said. At the worst these men might get lower freight rates than they should, but the Central was in no position to pick and

choose and he had the cash which meant relief—which was precisely what Darrell had meant he should think.

"That's what we are banking on," said Sam with one of his pleasant, boyish smiles. It made Colonel Robinson like him. After all, these people would develop the coal lands and the Virginia Central would prosper. He himself had often spoken of the same buried millions in Austin County, and once he even tried to form a syndicate to buy all the mines along the line of his road. He had seen coal and iron booms come and go. He would rather gamble in suburban real estate. After all, whatever might happen to his road and his stock, these men would enable him to build the most beautiful suburb in the South. It was a good price, sixty-five dollars a share. Almost he wished they would buy his stock outright. He was getting old, and so were the cars and locomotives of the non-dividend-paying Virginia Central; and the temper of many of his friends and fellow-stockholders was not improving with age. . . . There were many trees in Capital Park, beautiful trees; and the leaves were gold coins and the breeze blew briskly. . . . The music kept him from hearing the whispers of suspicion. And sixty-five dollars a share was a good price. It had been a shrewd bargain.

XXIII

IN RICHMOND the news of the "panic" in Virginia Central, as the sensational newspapers called Sampson Rock's drive against the stock, helped Major Moreland. It had been meant to help Sampson Rock. The thought of making money—real cash—made the Major the most active man south of Mason and Dixon's line. He personally interviewed scores of holders whose names and addresses he secured from the transfer-clerk of the railroad company, and he deputed General Winfree to spread consternation among Colonel Robinson's staunchest friends—whose staunchness was not proof against the diminishing number of dollars in the market price of their investment. The newspapers were reckless in the matter of space and dwelt at length on the labor troubles that were sure to come. The banks developed a habit of telephoning to Robinson at all hours to hear about the bond issue, which first New York and now London bankers had refused to touch—also in the matter of certain notes nearing maturity. All the machinery of the misfortune-factory, set in motion by Sampson Rock, worked overtime, until Colonel Robinson rejoiced in his own wisdom in giving the option on his holdings even to stock-gamblers. Had they been more businesslike, less plungerlike, he would have suspected so many things that he might not have jeopardized his holdings and the presidency of the road. But the men were ticker-operators first and railroad managers a distant second. In that distance Colonel Robinson found safety and comfort.

Sydney had called Darrell on the long-distance telephone, and Darrell, in reply, had instructed him to buy as much Virginia Central at from twenty-nine to thirty-two as he was game for, also assuring him that the margins would be propped up to his entire satisfaction. Darrell's credit was good, and in addition he transferred all his ready funds, save $5000, by telegraph from his bank to his brokers. It gave Sam a little over $200,000 with Sydney, and that night the brokers telegraphed that the young man was "long" 19,000 shares of Virginia Central, much of which had been bought at the low prices, so that the average on the "line" was only thirty-two and one-half. Darrell telegraphed back that they would return to New York in a day or two.

Major Moreland had slangily assured General Winfree that the rich but arrogant Northerners were "their meat." Personally the Major did not permit himself any convictions on the subject save one—that he stood to make money. The time he spent with the scattered owners of Virginia Central stock was well spent. Nothing might come from the deal; it would be very sad; but already his prestige had been raised to the pedestal of a great capitalist, for even the reflected glory of gold can exalt. He used various arguments to cajole his friends and acquaintances into giving options on their holdings, greed sharpening his wits marvelously. Curiously, one of his whispers was that world-famous men—whom he knew as he knew so many other world-famous men—wanted to make sure they would not be "squeezed" in their short sales of Virginia Central on the New York Stock Exchange, and therefore sought options on the stock at thirty-five or forty—or forty-five, as he said to those who smelt a mouse—which was far above the market price, and indeed the intrinsic value of the shares. Stock-gambling was an expensive luxury, and it behooved staid business men to supply the luxury—at a price. That he would get fifty dollars for the same stock he did not feel it necessary even to suggest—it would have been highly unbecoming in a staid business man. However, all he was able to secure was about 30,000 shares.

Darrell had gone to Austin to consult with Fletcher and obtain detailed statistics of the company's resources and undeveloped property, and Sam spent most of his time with Judge Abercrombie, busy with the Austin Iron Company options, which were coming in driblets. Sampson Rock was pulling the wires that made Virginia Central stock rise and fall within a range of three points—from thirty to thirty-three—but was getting very little "real" stock on the "drives," because the supply from the sunny South on which he had reckoned was not trooping tumultuously into his open bag, and, moreover, he did not know that A. Sydney & Co. had bought 20,000 shares that should have been his. The reason he did not know it was that he could not suspect Sam. The market was unsettled, the public afraid to buy enough and the professionals afraid to sell too much. He had not quite 90,000 shares—the easy and profitable 90,000—but, before he began to put up the price, he waited for market conditions to crystallize, as he knew they must. When they should be ripe, Virginia Central would go up "naturally"—because the rest of the market would go up first. Before it did so, Morson would visit Richmond. But it was well to let the market become dull in the mean time.

General Winfree, speaking for Major Moreland, asked Darrell at the club—rather offensively, because he thought it masterly strategy, precisely as Sam had done—to waive

The News of the "Panic" Helped

the minimum of 50,000 shares and take the 33,000 they already had secured—belonging, he said, to himself and "a few friends." Major Moreland had nearly two hundred names on his little book; they did not seem many to him. After a sneer or two from Winfree, the ingenious Darrell, with obvious reluctance, gave him a check for $165,000. The reluctance pleased the General almost as much as the check. Colonel Robinson had already given the written option on his 50,000 shares, and ten minutes after paying Winfree, Sam told Darrell to send a draft for $100,000 to Albert Sydney & Co. with instructions to buy more Virginia Central very carefully.

He had the stock. The Virginia Central was theirs—his and his father's. Strictly speaking, the stock would be the Roanoke's. But, after assuming that the Roanoke's was his father's, Sam, thinking of the lifework before him, began to feel a proprietary interest in the "Greater Roanoke"—which would last as long as he lived. He even began to study the unsuspecting Rogers to determine for himself if the work of modernizing the former Robinson road should be intrusted to the Roanoke's best division superintendent.

Sam's last order made Sydney think. Mysteries are no laughing-matter in Wall Street. Sydney watched Virginia Central with soulful attention, studying the "trading"—the buying and the selling of it—very closely, until he began to see unmistakable signs of absorption, very careful, very adroit, so skillfully circuitous that he could not discover by whom nor for whom the stock was being so quietly picked up. It began to look to Mr. Albert Sydney as if he had unwittingly aided in this same adroit absorption.

"I might have known they were using Jack as a blind. Of course, it's Old Man Rock! That boy is no idiot. He fooled *me!*" After which glowing tribute to Sam's genius Sydney bought one thousand shares of Virginia Central for his own personal account, that he might share in the good thing—the nature of which he did not even faintly suspect—and immediately felt more courage. He telegraphed to Darrell:

I am now carrying 22,000 shares. Would like to see more margin. When do you return?

But it was Sam who telegraphed back:

Don't worry about margin. Will be home this week. Buy three thousand more. S. R. Jr.

And Darrell also sent word:

Do as instructed. Keep your pores open and your mouth shut. Jack.

That day Sydney bought 3000 more, completing the 25,000. Notwithstanding his suspicion, if it had not been that Virginia Central enjoyed one of its strong spells that day, selling at around thirty-five, the broker would not have slept, for he properly assumed that if the deal, whatever it was, fell through, the stock would be worth very little. The potential loss on the 25,000 shares was too big for comfort, even though Darrell and young Rock were "good" for any possible drop.

Even while Sam was on his way back, triumphant with the knowledge that, at a risk of $600,000, he controlled 108,000 shares of Virginia Central, Mr. Sampson Rock had begun once more to buy the stock slowly, but steadily, selling only enough to check over-rapid advances. He telegraphed to Judge Abercrombie to report the frame of mind of Virginia Central stockholders in Richmond, and Abercrombie telegraphed back:

All the property obtainable in this vicinity safely located. Bulk held at fifty or better. More may be forthcoming above that figure, as faith in management severely shaken by failure English deal. Suggest you await the arrival of your son. W. A.

The last sentence made Rock frown. What had Sam said? How indiscreet had he been? Sam had left Richmond, and Abercrombie evidently knew more than he could have learned from the phraseology of Rock's telegram. Had Sampson Rock delayed overlong the effort to secure at private sale the stock held in Richmond? Private negotiations can never prevent suspicion, and he had left them for the last. He would drive to cover a few shorts before another assault. He had sent for Dunlap.

"Dan, you'd better run up Virginia Central three or four points. Buy all you can carefully, but keep it under forty if the short interest is bigger than we figure. Any houses here, that you know, carrying Virginia Central?"

"Yes; Albert Sydney & Co. I was going to speak to you about it when you sent for me. They are lending quite a wad of it."

"Sydney?" mused Rock. "Who are they? For whom do they do business?"

"I don't know. They are a quiet firm. They have no big account that I ever heard of. I asked Sydney if they had much of it in the office and he said no; but he is lending Jim Greeley 5000 shares, and I saw him in the loan crowd lending it in 500-share lots. I counted 12,000 shares in all."

"What sort of a man is Sydney?"

"Oh, nice sort of chap; never has much to say. He is one of the Governers of the Exchange, you know."

"Who are his partners?"

(Continued on Page 89)

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Mr. Shaw's Nervousness

MR. SHAW would be as good a Secretary and a happier man if he could get over his nervous "Little Mother" attitude. For six months money in New York has been unusually dear. If the banks import enough gold, interest rates will, of course, decline. The Secretary seems to have assumed that the bringing about of lower interest rates is a sufficient public benefit to warrant the Treasury Department in giving the banks the use of Government gold. In fact, the situation was one which need not have concerned the Secretary of the Treasury in the slightest—and would not but for his uneasy disposition to lend a hand on all occasions. Cheap money is sometimes very good for business, and sometimes very bad—when it stimulates wildcat promotions, reckless speculation and general overexpansion. If interest rates have been extraordinarily high during the last six months, in spite of the great and steady increase of late years in the amount of money in circulation, it means simply that we have been carrying a head of steam that approaches the danger point; that we should go carefully until some liquidation takes place and rates fall. There are situations in which forcing down interest rates is as foolish as sitting on a safety valve.

Secretary Shaw's basic idea that we must always keep on increasing the circulating medium as rapidly as possible is not sound.

The Conquest of Commerce

THOSE perturbed spirits who find only an argument of muttering discontent in the fraternizing of one-time "Reba" and "Yanks" could be given no more fitting *coup de grâce* than the pen-thrust of a Southern editor. "Invisible in war," he wrote, "they are invincible in peace."

Bad blood will out—and especially if the fight is square and hard enough! No one knows half so well how much those old soldiers are to be desired for friends as those who met them year after year as enemies. The nobility that makes a man's hand first in conflict makes it first also in reconciliation.

Meantime it is, fortunately, beyond the power of any one to revive the old differences. The so-called commercialism of the North, once so hated and so misunderstood beyond Mason and Dixon's Line, has made in the last generation an invasion and a conquest beyond the power of arms. The losses of the old South are rapidly being repaired by the industry of the new South—manifested in scientific agriculture and progressive manufacture. The devastations of a moral and sentimental conquest are rapidly being repaired by the conquest of commerce. It is a consummation few foresaw and none intended. But it is not the less final and happy.

Seldom Good and Never Just

"THE horse," says the deacon, "is sound in wind and limb. Of course," he adds virtuously, "you know how horses are. Heaves or lameness may develop at any time." Meanwhile, the deacon is telling his conscience that the heaves which the horse had yesterday, and which he had suppressed by a liberal dose of lobelia, are really a thing of the past; the heaves he will have the day after you buy him are a brand-new development against the possibility of which he frankly warned you. When that tendency to string-halt which he observed last week reappears next week you must remember that he told you.

"We haven't the article that you asked for," says the honest grocer or druggist; "but here is something else that is just as good." He doesn't really want to cheat you. Probably he would scorn to abstract three cents from your change. But the article asked for costs a little more than the other. If the other isn't actually just as good it looks as good in the package—and it is more profitable to handle because he can buy it cheaper. He wouldn't like anybody across the street to trade on the good-will that he has built up; but the manufacturer who has built up a demand for his article so that people ask for it, is far off. It is so easy to say, "Just as good."

The real difficulty about lying arises from the infinite modulations of shading that may be used. Almost anybody can resist the temptation to tell a dirty black one. But when it begins to soften down into a pearl-gray, it looks so alluringly easy. At a hasty glance or in an indifferent light you could scarcely distinguish it from white. Of course, it isn't really white. It isn't really the truth. It is still a lie. But it looks so much like the truth that the substituting retailer probably persuades himself "it's just as good"—almost.

Clothes that Make the Man

THREE newly-appointed policemen, returning to the station, learned that there was a prisoner downstairs who had derided and resisted an officer. So they went down and beat him black and blue. They did not know the other officer. They had never heard of the prisoner before. They acted on no narrow ground of personal prejudice. But they wore the livery and authority of the law. Another man similarly invested had received insult. They hastened to pummel the insulter. The three culprits had been of good repute as honest, law-abiding, democratic citizens before they were rigged out in the blue clothes, brass buttons, helmets and clubs which instantly distinguished them to the eye from the mass of men, and, therefore, instantly set up a special class feeling in them. As mere men, policemen naturally hate the traction company and the railroads; but when they are in uniform and a ruction occurs they invariably side with the conductor—because the conductor wears a uniform a good deal like their own. If pickpockets had the wit to adopt a blue uniform we believe it would be almost impossible to keep the police from taking their part and clubbing sack-coated citizens who laid hands upon them. The American aristocracy, with more money and more actual power than most others, has never succeeded in getting itself taken seriously simply because it cannot put lozenges on its carriages and, once a year, wear gold bullion on its clothes.

The Poor Professor

THE college professor is in a state of unrest, bordering on a general strike in the profession. In almost every other occupation wages have risen to meet the demands of Prosperity. But in most cases the college professor is earning no more to-day than thirty years ago. Naturally, he is finding it harder and harder to keep the wolf from the door, to dress his wife respectably, and give his children the same advantages a good mechanic can provide for his offspring. One reason—not the only one—that the professors do not form a union, appoint walking delegates, and go after the trustees of colleges with lead pipe is probably because every pedagogue is aware that a dozen younger men are hungrily waiting to snap up his job.

Either the college professor must give up the habit of marrying and rearing children, or he must find a way to get more money. And yet the colleges are receiving new bequests all the time. The last ten years have seen millions showered upon them. Why is it, then, that the poor professor has not come in for some of this prosperity? One reason is that it costs about twice as much to educate a student at one of our universities as he pays in tuition. The balance has to be met from the income of endowment, and every additional student is an additional burden on that endowment. And our college presidents are as ambitious a set of officials as life-insurance presidents. Many of them want more students, no matter what it costs to get them, and they want to expand their "facilities," no matter what salaries they are paying.

The college professor should get after his president and see that the money is not squandered on new work; and he should force the trustees to put up the price of tuition. There is no reason why our young men should not pay more than half the cost of their education, especially when their teachers are being slowly pauperized. What the college professor needs is courage to fight for his rights and the rights of his wife and children.

Chicago's Famous Charity

THEY have in Chicago an annual function known as the First Ward Democratic Ball. First Ward Democracy is not, generally speaking, of the brand contemptuously called silk-stocking. A not inconsiderable proportion of it registers from lodging-houses. Among some sections of it, knowledge of procedure in police court is more serviceable than acquaintance with the etiquette of polite society. Naturally, the ball is informal and hearty rather than elegant. Occasionally, the newspapers demand that the police suppress it.

Alderman Kenna—himself engaged in the retail liquor traffic and more famous under his nickname of "Hinky Dink"—is the acknowledged leader of First Ward Democrats. He has recently entered into an explanation and defense of the ball. It is, he says, simply for charity. The proceeds go into the treasury of the ward club, and any good First Ward Democrat in distress who applies to Alderman Kenna or his colleague, Alderman Coughlin, is relieved therefrom. Some are helped out of the calaboose, some are assisted to more salubrious climes, some are buried. But all the profits of the ball go to the afflicted; and the alderman doesn't see why it shouldn't receive the same respectful and even laudatory mention that is accorded to "society's" notable boosts for charity in the form of balls, bazars, fairs and the like. Neither do we see why it shouldn't. On the contrary, it seems to be exactly like them. With a vast deal of flourish and display a hundred dollars, say, is spent for purely personal gratification, out of which there remains a net profit of four dollars and a half, which is turned over to some hospital. The chief difference is that Aldermen Kenna and Coughlin, patrons of the First Ward Democratic Ball, do not get their pictures printed in the papers with subheads mentioning their charitable proclivities.

Now Then, All Together!

WE INHABITANTS of the United States have had a very good year. Crops were tremendous. The mines produced three or four hundred millions of wealth. Railroad earnings exceeded two and a quarter billion dollars. More important still, the new national aspiration for justice gathered force; got itself expressed in the freight-rate bill, meat inspection, the New York insurance laws; is now a force that every intelligent politician recognizes and which will make itself increasingly felt in shaping national policies.

All this is good; and at the close of this good year a lot of us "swore off"—which, after all, is the nub of the matter. Ten per cent. increases in incomes, protection from rebates, more sanitary slaughter-houses, more profitable life-insurance policies—to how many of us are these things more than the merest minor fractions in the problem of happiness? That happiness depends infinitely more upon personal habits that are absolutely controllable by our own wills. Bad laws are a vexation. But about four times out of five it is the bad administration under one's own hat that makes misery. Graft in our life-insurance company counts less than one, while the supererogatory highball and the cigar, that should be declined, but isn't, count forty.

It is probably true that to about half the people of this prosperous country the real economic problem is not one of income, but of outgo. No income is large enough for a man who spends 105 per cent. of it. Count Castellane went stony broke on two hundred thousand a year. Neither the President nor the wheat crop can help any one here. Money and laws have only a little to do with happiness. Personal habits have very much to do with it. And every one fit to be outside an asylum can control his habits if he will. Now then, all together!

What the Child is Not Good For

FIFTY years ago the defense of chattel slavery was bold, defiant, even contemptuous. The defense of child-labor to-day is pretty generally of an apologetic and hangdog sort. The contrast is encouraging. That slavery should have been defended at all in the North, by men who had no direct economic stake in the institution, now seems strange enough. But we think our toleration to-day of child-labor will seem much more strange fifty years hence. The two things stand on the same ground, except that child-labor is more cruel and less excusable. A profit can be made out of it. Certain industrial enterprises will pay higher dividends if they are permitted to exploit the labor and the lives of children. There will always be some safe and sane way to uphold anything whatever out of which a profit can be made. But the people are comprehending more clearly every day that child-labor, as the term is generally used—meaning the employment of children of grammar-school age in mines, mills, factories and like great industrial plants—is a disgrace to the nation. This is not a poor country. Glance over those statistics which show its colossal yearly production of wealth. If it cannot get on without the labor of its children it ought to look around for some more enlightened government to which it can sell out. Any industry to-day that must steal from children their childhood and make them into little toiling hinds in order to prosper has no right to exist. A State that tolerates the theft because it makes mill stocks more profitable is not civilized. From chattel slavery the South inherited its curse of the race problem. Child-labor has a like legacy for any community that harbors it.

We should pass the Beveridge bill.

THE SENATOR'S SECRETARY

IT STRIKES me that the next President of the United States will have nothing to do but loaf in a hammock and read novels. President Roosevelt will have totaled the sum of human activities by the time he goes out of office in March, 1909. He is going out then, too, and none of the wise ones who shake their heads and say: "Oh, he'll have to take another nomination," are predicating their proposition on the man. They are thinking what they would do in the circumstances. The trouble with a good many persons who predict what the President is going to do is that they think he will do as the ordinary human being would do. They do not get beyond their own conventional limitations. What the President will do is what the extraordinary human being will do, and there are so few extraordinary humans that most of us are not familiar with the type. He said he would not take another nomination, and that settles it.

The Genesis of the Pop-Eye

I HEAR the Senators talking when they come back from the White House. Every trip gives them a new experience with the President. Many of them stagger pop-eyed into their committee-rooms, and the best they can do in the way of conversation is to gasp: "Well, what do you think of that?" Some of them are reasonably agile men, too, with wide interests; but when it comes to spreading out and having a finger in things, the President has the whole Congress up in the air and wondering just what the drop is to be.

I met an author I know on Pennsylvania Avenue the other day with his hand on his brow and a far-away look in his eyes. "What is it?" I asked.

"I wish I knew," he said, in a dazed sort of way, just as if an automobile had tossed him over on the sidewalk and honked along up the street. "I wish I knew. I wrote a book dealing with modern Greece. The President asked me over to luncheon. He talked to me about the book, and he knows more about it than I do, and he knows more about modern Greece than I do. I'm in a fog. I can't figure out whether he read the book because he knew I was coming to luncheon, or read it on its merits. I wish I knew! I wish I knew!"

That author had only a mild case of Whitehouseitis, a disease that is epidemic all the time the President is in Washington. Conferences at the White House are all surprise parties. Talk about tunnel workers having the bends! People who go to see the President are likely to come out with so many new ideas beaten into them that they make a person who has been subject to the ministrations of compressed air look like a girl in a white dress sitting on a stoop on a summer afternoon. The President talks about anything that interests him; and everything does interest him, from the right way to crook the tail of a Boston terrier to the proper policy to be pursued at The Hague Peace Conference. He has theories on all subjects, from the exact way a hen should lay an egg to the ultimate destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race, and he'll turn them on at any moment.

A chap came to town a few days ago with a contrivance that was a sort of a continuous telephone. You put the affair in the room where talking is to be done and stretch wires, and those who are in the rooms where the receivers are can hear everything that goes on in the other room. The President grabbed at it and wanted to know all about it at once. He had an idea. If it works he can put up the operating end in his office and string wires to the offices of the Cabinet members, and hold a continuous Cabinet meeting all day and every day. That would be great for the President, but when the Cabinet members heard of it they ran, shrieking, to the woods. Work is the portion of every Cabinet member, but none of them can keep up the pace he sets now. If he had them continuously in hand, you would find nine grave ministers presently yammering at the bars in St. Elizabeth's, uttering inarticulate cries that might be translated into: "Yes, sir, I'll do it as soon as possible."

Although Mr. Roosevelt has been President for more than five years the Senate has never become accustomed to him. The statesmen get a new sensation every time they go to see him, and they come back and ponder, dully, on what has become of the old days, the good, old, golden days when the President shook them warmly by the hand and said: "I shall take what you propose under advisement and give your recommendation due consideration." They have sat around in the cloakrooms and in the committee-rooms and prophesied, with many cogent reasons to bolster up their predictions, that all this hurly-burly would soon react, and their scouts have come in from the country and told them the President is getting stronger every day.

Everybody Hip! for the President

NO PRESIDENT is popular in Washington, for Washington is half cynic and half pessimist. Besides, Washington is near at hand, and Congress arrogates to itself an importance in the general scheme of things that the country outside does not attach to it. The rural view of Congress is that it is a lot of fellows who are mad because the President is there watching them and keeping them in the straight and narrow path. The old precept that "the king can do no wrong" is getting to be orthodox doctrine in the West. If the President were to go out and tear down the Washington Monument the people would say: "Well, the blamed thing ought to have been round instead of square, anyhow," and if the fancy seized him to burn the White House the country would applaud and shout for as many millions as he liked to build a new one according to his own designs.

They don't understand this in the Senate. They remind me of a lot of antique St. Bernards barking at the moon. They lay a trap for the President and he gayly walks into it, and they stand around and say: "Now—now we've got him!" Then they listen for the kind applause from the proletariat, and it never comes. Instead, they get a roar of: "Them scoundrels down there in the Senate is tryin' to hender the President, but he'll fix 'em!" You'd think after more than five years of this sort of thing the Senate would wake up and acknowledge that a few of the eighty millions of people in this country believe in the President. They won't, though. It takes more than five years to get the Senate out of a trance.

Congress chuckled when the Bellamy Storer correspondence came out. That was a sockdolager, they thought. They didn't know the President had been sitting back waiting for that Bellamy Storer production with ammunition enough to blow Storer off the map. When the clipping bureaus began to send in the editorial articles the Senate discovered that the general opinion of the whole business corresponded with the story John Sharp Williams told about the lynching party who took out a negro, hanged him, burned him, shot him and otherwise killed him.

Just as they were dispersing an old negro came down the road. "Here!" shouted the leader, "what are you doing around here?"

"Nothin', boss; 'deed I ain't. I'm jes on my way."

"You didn't see anything?"

"'Deed, boss, I ain't seen a thing."

"Look at that," commanded the leader sternly, pointing to the dead negro; "what do you think of that?"

"Foh th' land's sake, boss," said the old negro as he shuffled off, "I done think you let him off light."

Who Takes the Pen in Hand

STILL, everybody had to laugh at the letters the President wrote to Mrs. Storer where he addressed her as "My dear Maria," and the letters the Storers wrote to him beginning "My dear Theodore." There was a general chuckle over the plight of Representative Longworth, who is the nephew of Maria and the son-in-law of Theodore.

Mrs. Storer was a correspondent who took her pen in hand many times a day. She had the ambition to be the Madame de Staël of this Administration. The fatal defect of this scheme was that Mrs. Storer and her husband forgot that this Administration does not need nor can it use a Madame de Staël in its business. Moreover, if Mr. Storer had any idea that he is a pamphleteer, his mind must be disabused by this time. The President is a pamphleteer himself, and he has the obvious advantage of getting a wider circulation for his pamphlets in a day than Storer could get in ten years.

Still, they keep pecking at him in the Senate. There is Senator Culberson, of Texas, who bobs up every now and then with some terrific thing he has dug out of the hehens, and simmers off into mild obscurity. Culberson has ability as lawyer and lawmaker; is a constant worker and a prodigious student. He is always threatening but he never does anything. He reminds me of a clock that is scheduled to strike up to twelve and compromises by stopping at a quarter-past seven. He is an almost. Everybody likes Culberson, and everybody admits his ability, but nobody is able to understand why he doesn't give a show occasionally, after the bills have been up for weeks and the advance notices have all been printed.

His colleague, Senator Bailey, is held to be one of the ablest men in the Senate, and he is. The Senate is sorry for Bailey. His path to reëlection seems to be tangled in some corporation difficulties that are menacing. Even if he comes back there will be a feeling that he has been touched with tar.

Senator Lodge and Senator Beveridge both have child-labor bills, and there will have to be a merger if either gets anything in the way of added glory out of the measure. Of course, both Lodge and Beveridge have neat, if not nobby and well-burnished, halos now, and it really is a shame to see two Senators, who are supposed to have reserved seats in the front row under the big White House tent, not in complete harmony. That

(Concluded on Page 30)

Players: Past and Present

Lawrence Barrett: Character, Intellect, Genius

A LIFE OF STORM AND STRESS

By WILLIAM WINTER

LAWRENCE BARRETT, when a young man, came to Boston and acted at the Museum, founded and then managed by Moses Kimball, and there I first saw him act—little dreaming that he would, one day, become an intimate friend of mine, and that I should be closely associated with some of the most important events and most interesting episodes of his professional career. He was then (1858) only twenty years old, but he had already been on the stage for several years; at first as call-boy, then as super, then as a player of small parts, and then as an essayist of leading business; and, artistically, he was prepared to seize any considerable opportunity that might be offered.

Speaking to me, in after years, about that period in his career, he told me that he was then very poor; that he had accepted, in a sort of desperation, an engagement to act the entire line of leading parts at the Museum—Romeo, Charles Surface, Harry Dornton, Claude Melnotte—without being equipped with a dress for any of them; and that he was placed in a distressing dilemma because required to provide his costumes. William Warren, the eminent comedian, was then, and long continued to be, the principal member of the Museum Company.

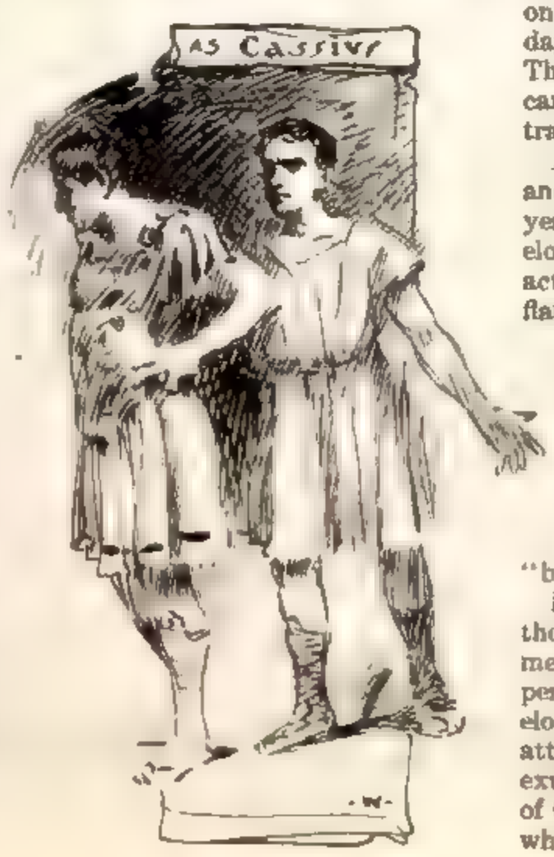
"Warren saw that I was in trouble" (so Barrett said), "and spoke to me about it. I told him my situation—that I had neither costumes nor money with which to buy them. He led me to Curtis, the costumer, the actor who played 'old men' in our company, and he said: 'Let Mr. Barrett have all the dresses he needs, and I will be responsible for the bill.' So I obtained the clothes that I wanted, and was able to keep my engagement; and in time I paid for all—though nothing could pay for Warren's kindness."

The first part that Barrett acted at the Museum was Frederick Bramble, in The Poor Gentleman, and thereafter, for two seasons at that house and one at the Howard Athenæum, he played many parts and became a local favorite.

To some actors Nature and Circumstance are early prodigal of fortune. To others Fate is sternly indifferent. Edwin Booth, for example, though his private life was darkened with much affliction, was, in his public career, from the beginning, greatly favored. All things—even his hardships in the early California segment of his experience—concurred to expedite his upward progress. Lawrence Barrett, on the contrary, was afforded no initiatory advantages. Nothing was ever done for him by anybody; and, until a late period of his life, little or nothing was ever yielded to him without begrudgment. His parents were poor; his boyhood was one of toil and want; aside from a little elementary schooling, he had no education; it was with difficulty that he learned to read and write and obtained access to books; his first employment in a theatre was that of a drudge, and at the outset he was friendless and alone. He, nevertheless, made his way to eminence in the dramatic profession; he developed and cultivated his mind; he acquired learning; he earned a competent fortune; he gained the friendship of many of the leading men of his time—attracting such diverse spirits as James A. Garfield, Mark Hanna, Alma-Tadema, Bayard Taylor, Phillips Brooks and Robert Browning; he adventured as a writer, and, in a memoir of Charlotte Cushman and in other sketches, he evinced literary taste and skill; he gave practical encouragement to the composition of plays; and, except Henry Irving, he surpassed every contemporary actor in the earnest, diligent, laborious promotion of every movement to augment the virtuous power and the dignity of the stage. His life was one of restless ambition, nervous excitement, incessant struggle and unsparing labor, and he passed away, a worn-out man, at the early age of fifty-three. But he won a noble fame, and he left a beautiful memory.

Fifteen years have passed since Lawrence Barrett died, and in fifteen years much has been forgotten. It will be useful to recount the leading facts of his life. He was born at Paterson, New Jersey, April 4, 1838. In childhood he was taken to Detroit, where his parents made their home, and where, after a fruitless trial of shopkeeping industries, he presently obtained a foothold in one of the local theatres. His position, at first, was very humble—for his state was that of ignorance and penury. He possessed one book, and only one—a copy of Doctor Johnson's Dictionary—which had been bestowed upon him by a benevolent actor. That he treasured; and, in after life, he related that he was accustomed to gather the candle-ends that had been thrown away in the dressing-rooms of the theatre, and by that means obtain light, so that he could study his treasure. In the season of 1853 he was cast for a small part in the old play of The French Spy, and, later, he was intrusted with other minor characters. Then he obtained an engagement at Pittsburg, and for two years acted in a stock company there, supporting visitant stars. One of those stars was the handsome blonde, Julia Dean—about whom the lads and lassies, fifty years ago, were delirious with admiration—and in her company he visited various Western towns; on one occasion acting Clifford to her Julia, in The Hunchback, a play which, at that time, was highly esteemed.

In 1856 he tried his fortune in New York, and soon he was engaged at Burton's Theatre—The Metropolitan, afterward (by Dion Boucicault) called The Winter Garden—where he first met Edwin Booth and Charlotte Cushman and acted with them; as also he did with Burton, Charles Mathews and other distinguished players. Then came the episode of his Boston experience; after which he acted in theatres of Philadelphia and Washington. In 1863-64 he was engaged for Edwin Booth's company, at the New York Winter Garden. At that time his artistic style was deeply influenced by the charm of Booth; so that, a little later, when he joined Lewis Bakert in management of the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, where they produced Richelieu, he played the Cardinal in close imitation of Booth's performance. He did not, however, remain an imitator. On the contrary, in the lapse of time, his style became strongly individual and characteristic—as much so as that of Macready in England, or that of Forrest in America.



His first professional visit to England was made in 1867-68, when he acted at Liverpool. For some time after that venture he was associated with John McCullough in the management of the California Theatre, San Francisco. In 1870 he made the most conspicuous success of his career, as Cassius—a part in which he excelled all competitors, and in which he has not, in our time, had an equal. Presentments of Julius Cæsar, in which he participated as Cassius, were of frequent occurrence during the next twenty years, and each of them was memorable. His second professional visit to England was made in 1884, when he acted at the London Lyceum as Yorick and as Cardinal Richelieu. In 1887 he assumed, at his own suggestion, the office of manager for Edwin Booth, and later, in conjunction with that great actor, he traversed the United States, directing Booth's business and sharing his labors and his triumphs. He died, suddenly, at the old Windsor Hotel, New York, on March 20, 1891, and was buried at Cohasett, Massachusetts—so near to the ocean that its waves almost break over his grave and its mournful music is his perpetual dirge.

Biography presents records of many men whose conduct seems to have been exclusively governed by the impulse of self-aggrandizement, and admiration appears to be expected for them; but biography also provides examples, much more edifying, of the building of character from unselfish motives, with fidelity to duty and with spontaneous allegiance to the public welfare. Lawrence Barrett labored to rise and aimed at the attainment of power; but he wrought by good means; he strove to exert a helpful influence for others; and he would have scorned to employ any unworthy expedient. He turned instinctively toward great parts in great plays. The scope and variety of his endeavor were denoted in the productions that he made, often at much expense and sometimes at heavy loss, of the poetic drama. His repertory included Hamlet, Cassius, Shylock, Othello, Wolsey, Richard III, Macbeth and King Lear, together with many parts, in comedy as well as tragedy, of lighter calibre and less distinction—ranging from Elliot Grey to David Garrick, from Richelieu to Gringoire, and from Alfred Evelyn to Lagardere; but, outside of the beaten track, he acted in Yorick's Love; Pendragon, a story of King Arthur; Francesca da Rimini; The King of the Commons; The Duchess of Padua; A Blot on the 'Scutcheon; Ganelon, a story of the days of Charlemagne; Rienzi; Hernani and The Robbers; and, just before his summons came, he was preparing to act in Tennyson's tragedy of Becket.

At first view, in Claude Melnotte, Romeo and the like, when Barrett was only twenty years old, he impressed me as an earnest, eloquent, picturesque, but not exceptional actor; it was not till afterward, when he had flamed forth in King James and in Cassius, that I came to estimate him at his true value as a man of genius. The actor who could express, as he did, the intellectual isolation, the innate, natural aristocracy, the indomitable spirit, the superb will, the lovely refinement and the deep feeling of Shakespeare's Cassius, was, beyond all question, "born in the purple."

But his achievement in Cassius, brilliant though it was, did not provide the full measure of his powers. Situations dependent on rapid movement and sonorous eloquence were congenial with his distinctive attributes and faculties. The half-frenzied exultation of Cassius, after the assassination of Cæsar; the teeming rapture of Lanciotto, when he thinks himself loved by Francesca;

Yorick's terrible delirium of agonizing jealousy; the wild joy of King James when his beloved Seyton is vindicated—those and kindred paroxysms of terrific excitement stirred his nature to its depths and made him glorious in the display of tempestuous feeling; but it was in such parts as Harebell and Gringoire that he disclosed yet another side of his mind and spirit, rounding out the revelation of his being with the loveliness of simplicity, nobility, and gentle, poetic charm.

In the summer of 1882 Barrett and I crossed the ocean in company and visited many poetic shrines of Europe. Together we stood in the room of Shakespeare's birth; loitered along the rural pathway to Anne Hathaway's cottage; and mused beside the poet's sacred tomb. Together we passed many hours in Westminster Abbey; explored the venerable and storied Tower; and sought the romantic haunts of the old literary worthies of London. Together we viewed the manifold splendors of Paris; climbed the spire of Strasburg Cathedral; listened to the silver music of the bells of Heidelberg; sailed down the lovely Rhine from Mayence to Cologne; worshiped beauty and sublimity in the great cathedral of that famous city; and gazed with solemn thought upon the statues of noble valor and patriotic devotion—Egmont and Horn—in beautiful Brussels. Many were the sights we saw, things memorable and not to be forgotten; but I recall no sight more touching to the heart than my companion's deep, fervent, loving delight in every object of historic import, or poetic association, or artistic grace that his eyes beheld. He was like a sweet, artless child. He was absolutely happy. He had escaped, for a while, from the ambitions and cares of the world. His soul was liberated and it stood clearly revealed—pure, simple, honest, true. The austerity of his intellect dropped away, and he gave himself, without reserve, to peace and joy. Never can I forget his ecstasy of wonder and reverence when we stood in the vast, lonely nave of Canterbury Cathedral, and heard the devotional responses as they floated from the unseen choir. Once, on a lovely summer afternoon, we paused beside the tomb of the poet Gray, in the old churchyard of Stoke-Pogis, and, according to his wish, I repeated the immortal Elegy; and his eyes were filled with tears as he listened to those exquisite words, spoken above the ashes of their inspired author. In scenes of that kind I saw Lawrence Barrett as he was.

In that year of our foreign tour Barrett had several plays under consideration, and in the course of the Atlantic voyage he read to me Lewis Wingfield's Monmouth, a romantic drama, based on the tragic story of the unfortunate Duke, and also a new version of the tragedy of Francesca da Rimini, which he had obtained from its author, George H. Boker—an American poet whose works are worthy of a greater vogue than they have ever obtained. E. L. Davenport had brought out the original draft of the piece, in 1855, at the old Broadway Theatre, New York, with Madame Ponisi and Charles Fisher in the cast—as Francesca and Pépé; but it was not then successful. On hearing Boker's new version I urged Barrett to produce it, feeling sure that he would give a superb performance of Lanciotto—a part uncommonly well suited to his temperament and style. That venture he decided to make, and then and there we cut the piece and prepared it for the stage.

In September, 1882, it was presented in Philadelphia, and Barrett's impassioned personation of Lanciotto, fervid with eloquence and magnetic with action, rewarded him, both then and later, with increased fame and abundant profit.

That tour of ours, a fortunate accident, was marked with many pleasing incidents: a friendly meeting with Henry James, the novelist, whom Barrett much admired; an interesting interview with the beautiful Blanche Howard, who was then writing her novel of Gwenn; a day with the famous Miss Braddon, whose prolific pen has added so many volumes of fiction to the literature of her native land; a talk with my old friend, dead and gone now, the ever genial Duke of Beaufort; and many a social hour with Henry Irving, John Lawrence Toole, S. B. Bancroft, Arthur Sketchley, and the blithe lads of the Green Room and the Savage.

Henry Irving and Ellen Terry were then acting, at the Lyceum, in Romeo and Juliet, and we saw, with wonder and delight, that magnificent production—a pageant of the richest and finest garniture ever bestowed on that immortal poem of love and grief. Edwin Booth was also then acting in London, at the Princess' Theatre, and he and the poet Aldrich, and the quaint and genial Laurence Hutton, joined in our excursions and festivals. Once, at nearly midnight, with the sanction of a kindly policeman, we strolled into the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, and long remained there, viewing that weird, sepulchral scene by the cold light of the stars.

One night there was an assemblage at the dwelling of the popular English actor, Wilson Barrett—then at the meridian of his excellent repute—accompanied with everything that kindness could prompt or hospitality provide of luxury and joy. The company consisted entirely of men. The house, so Barrett told us, had been the residence of that great writer—the ablest, perhaps, of all women that ever wrought with a pen—George Eliot; and he said that, succeeding her as a tenant, he found the condition of the place indicative of its having been the abode of an aged and tired occupant. He had repaired, redecorated and refurnished it in a sumptuous manner, so that it was a veritable bower of beauty. Our session lasted all night, and a merrier group, I think, was never seen.

One incident, in particular, made it memorable. Henry Irving, who had arranged to make his first visit to America, took occasion to ask every member of the numerous party to give an opinion as to the choice of an opening part for him to act in New York. The views expressed were as various as the persons who expressed them, and many characters were named and many plays discussed. Lawrence Barrett favored the choice of Charles I, one of the most beautiful of Henry Irving's personations. Others were for Hamlet. It was my good fortune to persuade the great actor to make his first American appearance as Mathias in The Bells. He reached his decision then, and he declared it, and the purpose thus formed was, in time, accomplished.

"I shall act on my friend's counsel," said Irving: "he says that I shall be under great excitement on the night of my first appearance in New York; that my audience will also be much excited; that the agitation of the time will help me in The Bells—which is true—and that it is best to take advantage of that condition; to present a novelty; and, above all, to avoid inviting comparison with any established favorite. I shall act Mathias."

Only three or four of that company—"sad remains of friends"—are living now:

> Like clouds that rake the mountain summits, or waves that own no curbing hand,
> So fast has brother followed brother, from sunlight to the sunless land.

On the night before Irving arrived in America Lawrence Barrett assembled a notable company at his dwelling in New York—a spacious apartment at the northeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street. He was, at that time, affectionately fond of Henry Irving, and deeply desirous to insure for him a cordial welcome and a great success. Again the festivity continued until the dawn, when we repaired to the North River, and, embarking in Colonel E. A. Buck's steam-yacht, which had been kindly provided by him for the purpose, crossed the bay of New York to meet the Britannic, with Irving and his company on board, in the Narrows. It was a cold and dreary morning. The noble ship was already in sight when we reached the neighborhood of the Quarantine Station, and soon we were permitted to greet our friends and receive them aboard our yacht. The meeting between Irving and Barrett, on the gangplank of the Britannic—where they stood for a little while, bare-headed and with clasped hands—lives in my memory as a spectacle of peculiar and touching beauty. Men more intellectual have never graced the stage. They were of the same age and of kindred temperament: pale, thin, ascetic, dignified, with dark, piercing eyes, thoughtful faces, and hair just touched with silver; and, as I viewed them there, I saw, prefigured, that cordial union and brotherhood of art which has since been established between the theatres of England and these States. We sailed back to the city and escorted Irving to the Brevoort House, the first building he ever entered in New York. His prodigious triumph on the American stage is a theme of history. It was the hand of Lawrence Barrett that gave him the first welcome, and toward Lawrence Barrett Irving's feeling was always gentle, and his conduct always generous as well as just.

There came a time when Barrett did not think so, and his friendship for Irving cooled.

"I find him changed," said Irving to me, "and I should be glad if you could tell me why."

The Meeting Between Irving and Barrett

"That is easily done," I answered. "After he had played a losing engagement at your London Theatre, presenting Richelieu, you opened your next season with a production of the same play; and he took the fancy that you meant to suggest an invidious contrast between his failure and your success."

"But," said Irving, "Richelieu had long been one of my parts. I had resolved to play it in America, in the next season. I wanted to do it then in London so that my company would be in readiness. I never had the slightest thought of injury or unkindness to Barrett. Was I to discard the part of the Cardinal because another actor had played it?"

Irving subsequently did present Richelieu in America, at Chicago, and he underlined it for New York; but, as I knew that his performance of the Cardinal was not so fine as Edwin Booth's famous embodiment—so long in possession of the stage and of the public fancy—I persuaded him not to act it in the metropolis; and he laid it aside. But, unhappily, Barrett never ceased to cherish a certain resentment of a fancied injury:

And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.

In person Barrett was not above the middle height, but his inherent dignity of demeanor invested him with peculiar distinction. His head was finely formed; his features were regular; his face was pale; his eyes, dark, lurid and deeply sunken, were brilliant with intense lustre. His figure was thin. His hair, originally dark brown, was sprinkled with silver. His glance was quick, eager and comprehensive. He possessed a voice of extraordinary compass, very various, deeply sympathetic, and at times pathetically sweet. He could sing; and in the part of James Harebell, which he loved to play, he used that fine faculty with touching effect. His vitality, alike of body and mind, was prodigious, and wherever he came he diffused a sense of seething unrest.

In temperament he was pensive, sad, sometimes gloomy, always inclined to introspection and mental disquietude; but he had a keen sense of humor; in social intercourse he often was playful and droll; he could tell a comic story exceedingly well and his memory was abundantly stored with comical incidents of the stage. Jefferson mentioned this to me, with special appreciation, at the banquet to Edwin Booth, at Delmonico's, New York, in the summer of 1880 (June 15).

"I have passed the morning with Barrett, at The Players," he said, "and we have been telling stories to each other; and as we came across Madison Square he surveyed the trees and suddenly remarked: 'Joe, the *chestnuts* are blooming splendidly to-day.'"

Barrett was often the cause of mirth in others, but he seldom figured as its victim. Once, however, when Louis James was acting Brutus to his Cassius he had that experience; for Brutus, toward the close of the first act of Julius Cæsar, grasping his hand, and fervently ejaculating, "Til then, my noble friend, *chew upon this*," left in his grip a large plug of tobacco, neatly encased in gleaming silver foil; holding which trophy, Barrett, as Cassius, had to deliver the lines that close the act in the stage version then used.

Barrett's intellectual character, literary taste and artistic style were formed at the period when the writings of Macaulay, De Quincey, Kingsley and Carlyle were pouring from the press, and they were those of a thinker and a scholar. His reading took the direction of Roman history and the classics. With Gibbon's incomparable work he was especially familiar. He loved the martial ballads of Campbell and the stirring lyrical and narrative strains of Sir Walter Scott. He loved Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome. It was a luxury of enjoyment to hear him read Horatius—the copious sonority of his sympathetic voice, the fervor of his passionate spirit, and the beauty of his elocution uniting to produce an effect of perfect art. One of his favorite poems was The Lady of the Lake. The historic type that especially inspired him was Napoleon Bonaparte. The American character that he most admired—and not only admired but idolized—was that of Daniel Webster.

Those peculiarities help to reveal him—a studious, fastidious, fervid, sombre, somewhat lonely man; isolated and a little embittered by a long and arduous conflict with unpropitious circumstances; nervous, impetuous, restless; highly imaginative and keenly intellectual; justly conscious of his essential merit, and, at times, resentful of the world's tardy recognition of it; eager and incessant in splendid artistic effort; impatient of dullness; contemptuous of low ideals; scornful of sloth and mediocrity; ambitious to reach the absolute leadership of his profession; and prodigal of energy, and even of life itself, for the attainment of greatness in his art. Prosperity, when at last it came to him, softened the rigor of his habitual mood, relaxed his mordant intellectual activity, and made him sympathetic and gentle. But he never weakened in purpose. He never drifted nor dreamed. If his life had been prolonged he would have gained in serenity, but he would still have been constant in attempting great enterprises; he would still have seized every opportunity; he would still have battled with all contestants for the empire of the stage. He was a vital incarnation of tremendous force, and he was prematurely destroyed by the tempest that surged in his soul.

The last scene of Barrett's life was inexpressibly pathetic. He had ventured far. He had incurred heavy responsibilities. Anxiety preyed on his mind, and continuous toil exhausted his body. His last appearance on the stage was made at the Broadway Theatre, New York, on March 18, 1891, as De Mauprat, in Richelieu. Edwin Booth was acting the Cardinal. Barrett came early to the theatre, went to his dressing-room, and, without removing his hat or overcoat, seated himself, tilted his chair against the wall, and covered his face. Thus Booth found him—ill, dejected, suffering, yet resolute. He had momentarily broken down, and had been crying; but he recovered himself and insisted that the performance should proceed.

At the end of the third act, when the Cardinal is lying on the bed and simulating death, he bent over Booth and whispered:

"I cannot go on!"

Another player had to take his place, and so, for Lawrence Barrett, the last curtain fell.

The next day Booth called to see him at the Windsor Hotel.

"Do not come near to me, Edwin," he said, "for my disease may be infectious, and you must be very careful."

A few hours later he was dead.

I looked upon him in death, and saw, in his pallid, emaciated face, the tranquil beauty of perfect rest. All the turmoil was over; all the pain had passed away; and, in reading his name on the coffin, I thought of Wordsworth's touching apostrophe:

Thou soul of God's best earthly mould,
Thou happy soul! and can it be
That these two words of glittering gold
Are all that must remain of thee!

BOYS WHO FOUND A WAY

TWO boys, eighteen years old, both orphans, both out of work and sick of the city, sat on a box on the wharf at St. Louis just below Eads' Bridge. The great Mississippi rolled by, the most tempting highway in the world, and called the two to go afloat upon it, and follow it whither it might lead.

"We mout 's well!" one said.

"I reckon!" the other remarked.

Without a boat, and without money, it looked like a hard undertaking to go down the Mississippi, but the two started on foot. About twenty miles below the city they saw, the next day, an island, the head of which was covered with driftwood left by floods.

"Theh's ouh chance!" one said, and they swam the narrow chute, with their clothes on their heads, to the island.

From the drift they hauled out boards of varying lengths and thicknesses until they knew they had enough to construct a Jon-boat—a cross between a skiff and a scow. One swam the river, and, after repeated efforts, found a man who would lend them an old saw and a hammer. He returned rejoicing.

With these two implements, assisted somewhat by jackknives, they built their boat—twenty feet long, fifty-six inches wide and nearly three feet deep. While they worked they ate rabbits, which one of them knew how to snare, and fruit which near-by farmers let them take. They caulked the boat with raveled rope, and it is worth saying that, when the boat was shoved into the water, there was only one place through which the water came—and that was quickly recaulked.

With rotten canvas, pieces of boards and nails from the driftwood a cabin was put on the hull, and when one of the lads found a can of paint washed up on a sandbar a few days later, on both sides the boat was painted in great wide letters:

"THE NEW HOME."

"Hit war hawd, mean scrabblin' at fust," one said two years later, "but we done hit!"

Six months after they went afloat the great flood of 1903 came, with the wrecks of a thousand homes and the débris from hundreds of thousands of square miles. The two boys were in the safe shelter of a great eddy. Almost their first catch from the driftwood was a skiff, and with this skiff they caught more than two hundred logs and a sunken shanty-boat. They rafted the logs, raised the shanty boat and, on the falling river, floated into Memphis, where they sold the logs for nearly $300.

They had toiled incessantly, pulling their home-made oars till their hands were raw blisters, but they earned their start.

When debating how to use their money to best advantage, the boys came to the conclusion that a gasoline launch which would tow logs out of the main current would be the best investment. Into a second-hand, four-horse-power boat they put $250 of their money, and with part of what remained they laid in a big supply of gasoline, good ropes and anchors for their cabin-boat—and more food than they had ever seen before. They cooked sixteen eggs for the first meal—and ate them all—besides potatoes, baker's bread, and other things which had heretofore been luxuries.

Then they started down the river, having a hundred troubles with the motor-boat, but mastering its eccentricities at last. They found a good eddy, and went hunting valuables in the drift which was still running. A month later they towed a raft into Helena, which paid for the launch.

They had lost their jobs in St. Louis because they couldn't put their hearts into the work. Now they had work in which they could cheerfully forget their dinners—and did. They even bought an automobile-lamp, and tried to "drift" at night, but that failed! They couldn't see the logs. However, they have money in the bank now, and when the drift isn't running they are working in logging camps, overhauling drift-piles for junk, or doing other work equally hard—and to them the pleasantest in the world.

"We ain't wasting any time," said one of them; "we 'low 's we'll git rich."

—*R. S. S.*

Truth and the Actor

RICHARD MANSFIELD has often been accused of sacrificing the integrity and harmony of his plays in order to make prominent his own part. But he has experience to back his assertion that what the public is interested in is the actor quite as much as the drama. Here is a characteristic anecdote of his boyhood.

When Mansfield was a lad in an English "public" school, a famous war correspondent of the time came to town to deliver a lecture on his experiences on the battlefield. The local dignitaries, together with the masters and older pupils of the school, sat on the platform. The lecturer spoke with dramatic eloquence of the daring of the staff artist of his paper.

Mansfield was seated on the platform where, though in full view of the audience, he was behind the backs of those in authority. When one of the stories of the artist's heroism at last evoked applause, he rose, assumed the face of maturity and modesty, and, placing a hand on his waistcoat, elaborately bowed. The audience, taking him for the heroic artist, burst into thunderous demonstration. The modest lecturer was spurred to the recital of deed after deed of derring-do. Always the schoolboy arose with grave modesty and elaborately bowed.

"I doubt if the lecturer ever had a more sympathetic audience," Mansfield added.

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Sense and Nonsense

Longworth's Little Mistake

AT THE banquet of the Ohio Company given in Marietta on October 18, the day a bronze tablet commemorating the first permanent settlement in the territory northwest of the Ohio was unveiled, Congressman "Nick" Longworth told about his first attempt to make a stump speech. Mark Hanna was traveling through the State on a special and Longworth was one of the lesser lights of the party. Very early one morning the special arrived at Newark, Ohio, where a crowd was already assembled, and to appease their demands for a speech, Longworth—the only man up—was asked to go out and hold the crowd. He said he walked out on the rear platform and in his best voice began:

"Ladies and gentlemen ——"

Just then a Limited whizzed by and his first sentence hung fire. Beginning again he repeated:

"Ladies and gentlemen ——"

A switch engine across the railroad yard got in motion at this point and its whistle punctuated "Nick's" opening words with shrill staccato shrieks. Considerably flustrated, but holding himself well in hand, the orator once more began his speech:

"Ladies and gentlemen ——"

It was no use. A freight train, a mile long if it was an inch, came rumbling and creaking down the yard, and the interruption was of such duration that the crowd got restless, and "Nick," to keep it from disintegrating entirely, shouted at the top of his lungs:

"You people don't need any speech-making. There are too many signs of Republican prosperity in your town. Look at the length of that freight train ——"

But a voice in the rear of the crowd shouted back:

"Say, young feller, what yer givin' us; them's empties."

And Longworth disappeared into the special.

The "English" of Europe

TRAVELING through the countries of Europe one frequently sees and hears the funniest of English on every hand, for the various health and pleasure resorts attach vast importance to American and British patronage. Besides, English is the most widely-spoken language in the world, and all foreigners make at least an attempt to air the little most of them seem to possess.

Here are a few choice specimens collected during the past season.

In a French railroad waiting-room:

NOTISH

It is defended to fume in the saloon of attention!

Advertisement in a German-Swiss newspaper:

Board and lodging required in a fine family by a German lady of the Middle Ages. Address, etc.

Three ladies were seated at a small round table in a hotel saloon in Switzerland when the head waiter came up to them and remarked: "Ladies, if you sit at this table you will be deranged!"

A French gentleman had been on a visit to an English-speaking friend, and wishing to thank his host on his departure remarked feelingly: "A thousand thanks for this so agreeable sojourn in your charming interior."

A very courteous young Italian hurried up to a dignified American who was "doing the sights" in the Piazza di Spagna in Rome, and, noticing that the necktie of the tourist had slipped up his stand-up collar, he said: "Pardon, Signor, but your cravat is going upstairs!"

One of the best-known musical conductors in Germany, having had occasion to dismiss a man from his orchestra for inobriety, gave as his excuse that: "All day long he quench, quench, quench; and then at night he cannot."

A French hostess last season, desirous of assisting in the most polite manner the speeding of her parting guest, rose and exclaimed: "I will push you out ze door!"

SCENE: On the outskirts of Brussels. A very wet day. Enter a New Yorker into a humble café on whose window is written "English spoke." A Flemish woman is mopping the floor, and painful cleanliness is everywhere. M. le Proprietaire advances to meet his guest with: "Will Monsieur be good and go outside and scratch his feet?"

An American girl was walking with a French chaperon in the Champs Elysée last winter when the elder lady suddenly observed: "The trees look very sad without any sleeves on." (She meant leaves.)

In Nineteen Hundred and Now

Thomas Moore, at the present date,
Is chiefly known as a ten-cent straight.
Walter the Scot is forgiven his rhymes
Because of his tales of stirring times.
William Morris' fame will wear
As a practical man who made a chair.
And even Shakespeare's memory's green
Less because he is read than because he's seen.
Then why should a poet make his bow
In the year of nineteen hundred and now?

Homer himself, if he could but speak,
Would admit that most of his stuff is Greek.
Chaucer would no doubt own his tongue
Was the broken speech of the land when young.
Shelley's a sealed-up book, and Byron
Is chiefly recalled as a masculine siren.
Poe has a perch on the chamber door,
But the populace read him "Nevermore."
Spenser fitted his day, as all allow;
But this is nineteen hundred and now.

Tennyson's chiefly given away
To callow girls on commencement day.
Alfred Austin, entirely solemn,
Is quoted most in the funny column.
Riley's Hoosiers have made their pile
And moved to the city to live in style.
Kipling's compared to the "Man Who Was,"
And the rest of us write with little cause
Till publishers shy at talk of per cents
And offer to print at "author's expense."

Oh, once the celestial fire burned bright,
But the call is now for electric light.
And Pegasus, too, is run by meter,
Being trolleyised to make him fleeter.
So I throw the stylus away and set
Myself at the typewriter alphabet
To spell some message I find within
Which shall also pierce your rawhide skin.
For you will read it, if I learn how
To write for nineteen hundred and now.

—*Edmund Vance Cooke.*

Wanted the Winning Lobster

MR. FRANK DANIELS, the popular comedian, while playing a recent engagement in Baltimore gave a dinner to some friends after the show one evening. Broiled live lobster was on the menu, and one was brought in minus a claw.

Calling the waiter Mr. Daniels said, "What do you mean by serving me with an imperfect lobster?"

"Excuse me, sah, but Ah didn't think you'd mind a little thing like dat, sah. These lobsters got to fighting in the basket and this one lost his claw," said the waiter.

"Take this lobster out immediately," replied Mr. Daniels, "and bring me the winner."

Fitch Feared Assassination

LAST summer when Clyde Fitch was in Italy he dined with F. Marion Crawford at his villa near Sorrento. In the course of the evening the four children of the novelist slipped out, and presently the sound of mandolin and guitar was heard behind a curtain. The curtain was withdrawn, and disclosed the four in native peasant costume dancing a tarantella to the accompaniment of a band of native musicians.

Meantime Mr. Fitch noticed that the musicians, who had evidently been got in from the streets, were continually eying him from beneath dark eyebrows, with black fire in their glances. The scrutiny was so intense and prolonged that Mr. Fitch spoke of it to his host. Even Mr. Marion Crawford was disturbed by the continual eying of his guest, and after the dance spoke to the musicians in their dialect. The answer was: "Clydafish! Clydafish!" It was the band of Neapolitan musicians Mr. Fitch had used in the dinner scene of The Climbers, now returned to Italy.

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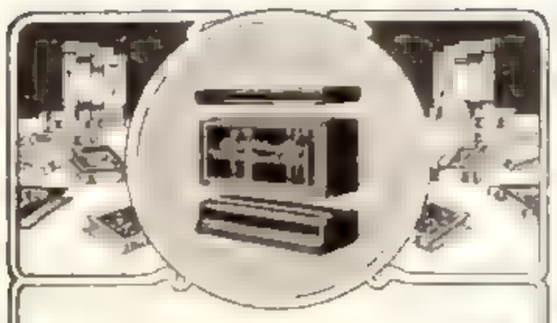

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Getting On in the World

Steps and Missteps on the Road to Fortune

There are Ways—and Ways

I WAS on the train bound for a town of about 50,000 inhabitants, where I was to do local work on a daily paper (including what was optimistically called "dramatic criticism"), and on the same train, bound for the same town, were the members of a theatrical company who were volubly discussing hotels and trying to decide at which they would stop—for in this case the matter of hotel accommodation had not been arranged by the advance-man.

"Why don't you make a special bid for theatrical patronage?" I later asked the proprietor of one of three prominent hotels.

"Well, I don't know," he replied, shifting his cigar. "They scatter around. We get some of them. Our porter meets all the trains."

I convinced the proprietor that this plan could be improved upon, and arranged with him to make it worth my while to attract theatrical people to his hotel.

First I went to the manager of the theatre and got a list of all his bookings, with dates. Then (taking the names in order of dates) I wrote to the advance-men in the name of the hotel proprietor, calling their attention to the advantageous location of the hotel, the superior service offered, the fact that it was catering especially to "the profession"—the object being, of course, to first capture the advance-man and then make a contract with him for the members of his company. As the advance-men showed up I aided the proprietor in his negotiations; and in this my newspaper connection with theatrical affairs gave me some advantage. If the advance-man proved obdurate or indifferent, I immediately "went after" the members of the company direct, by means of a letter to the manager.

The hotel-man did his part in the way of service and rates, and during that season he had practically a monopoly of the business. I believe that he was satisfied with the experiment, and I know that I was.

The boys used to ask: "How can you afford to board at that hotel?" I didn't tell them then, but I don't mind saying now it was because my board didn't cost me anything—except the time and labor required to operate the scheme I have briefly outlined above. —*M. B. S.*

Luck in Blighted Potatoes

THIS is the story of a Mohawk Valley farmer who found fortune in the loss of the largest patch of potatoes he had ever planted. As the story was told me, a man named William Baxter, who lived in Herkimer County, New York, on observing that his horses were becoming old and feeble, and that he needed a new reaper, determined to procure the new horses and a new machine all in one season by raising a crop of potatoes. He had often secured two hundred bushels from a single acre, and he had rarely harvested less than one hundred and fifty. A ten-acre patch would yield at least 1500 bushels, he thought, and, even at fifty cents a bushel, he would make all the money needed for the wants mentioned, and have a surplus left.

Accordingly he borrowed 150 bushels of seed, for which he agreed to return two hundred in the fall, and planted the patch. The ground was sandy and the weather proved warm and moist. In July the field, with its rolling masses of green vines, was a picture to delight the eye of any farmer, but in August it was as black as the old slouch hat that Baxter wore on the back of his head. The blight had come with the warm rains, and it had cut off the whole field. The hope of the new horses and reaper was gone; Baxter had worked harder than he had ever worked before, and, apparently, had lost all his labor.

To save what he could, Baxter soon began digging. In time, he turned out the two hundred bushels that he owed his neighbor, and delivered them. Then he finished the patch and found that he had sixty bushels only of marketable potatoes left, together with as many more little ones that were fit to feed to pigs.

But in the mean time, while toiling with the hoe, Baxter had found, right in the centre of the field, one hill, the vines of which were as green as they had been on the first of July, and from this hill he turned out twenty-three of the handsomest potatoes he had ever seen.

"I'll just save them for seed and see what comes of it," he said. From the twenty-three potatoes, by careful coddling, he raised five bushels of potatoes the next year, and the five, in the year following, yielded 127. And although the blight struck all other potatoes in the region during both of the years, these remained practically unhurt. Baxter had found what seedsmen call a "sport"—a new and distinct variety of plant—and the new plant was "blight-proof."

As the second crop of this new potato was coming to maturity, Baxter persuaded a city seedsman to examine it, and the result was that he made a contract for the sale of "blight-proof" potatoes by which he received, the next year, a thousand dollars above all expenses for his crop, and from that time to this he has never sold a potato for less than three dollars a barrel. —*J. R. S.*

From "Tip" to Top

I WAS born and lived several years in Houston, Texas, and received a good common-school education. I had been in some good situations but, owing to business changes and sickness, I had drifted about until I found myself a waiter in one of the better-class restaurants in town, where I had two tables to wait upon. An old lady and her daughter took their meals at one of my tables, and were very friendly and kind, even giving me a weekly tip, which is more than most women do.

I had never been a man to save money, using what I had on clothes and almost throwing away what was left—even going into debt. But I was never really vicious—only thoughtless—and I lived mostly in the enjoyment of the present.

One day the old lady, talking to her daughter, said she wished she had something to read, so I mentioned that I had some old books on hand which she was welcome to, as I was through reading them and they were of no further use to me. My offer was accepted, and on returning the books the old lady said:

"Young man, why don't you buy and sell old books? You could do better than in your present situation. Many people want to sell old books and novels just to get rid of them, and others want to buy if they can save a little on a second-hand book. Then, privately, my daughter and I think a great deal of you, and would like to see you do better and will help you."

I thought it over, and with my month's wages of twenty-five dollars just due me, and by the old lady's advice, rented a part of a store for ten dollars a month. Then, by rare good luck, I got a big lot of old books for the remaining fifteen dollars.

I then advertised my business well, and at the end of the first week, by putting in all my own old books and magazines from my room, and the purchases and sales—"up and back"—I found myself with my few old debts paid, and quite a stock on hand. By the end of the month I had doubled my stock, paid board and expenses, and had my original twenty-five dollars on hand.

Now, after two years, I have a $1500 stock of books on hand, all paid for; have $200 in the bank; am out of debt, and have married the old lady's daughter.—*X. I. O.*

Western Hustle

IN SALT LAKE CITY were several firms which mailed advertising circulars to the farmers of the surrounding country when they had anything new to offer. A bright boy went to these men, and offered to deliver two thousand such circulars in the rural free-delivery mail boxes for five dollars. Six different firms accepted the offer. The lad then went to the printer, and secured a commission of five dollars on the sale of the 12,000 circulars. Next, he started out in a rig which he secured rent-free from the livery-stable in return for nailing up signs advertising it. The delivery of the circulars took him four days, for which he had received thirty-five dollars—nearly nine dollars a day. —*Utah.*

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2 oz., 20 in.,	$ .95
2 oz. 22 in.	1 25
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Light Weight Wavy Switch	2 50
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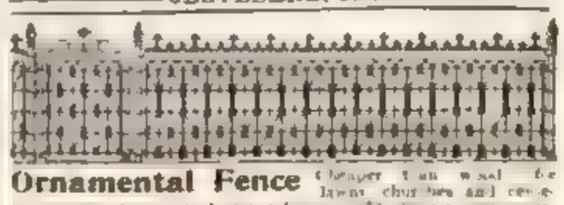

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IN THE OPEN

NOW is the season of the six-day indoor bicycle race, which, of the shameless spectacles from time to time made in the guise of sport, is the most revolting. Moreover, the one recently held in New York may fairly be declared to have established a record. Almost equally as disgusting and certainly more surprising than the exhibition itself was the manifestation by the spectators. It was entirely fitting and to be expected that an event of such character would attract a degraded, even, if occasion offered, a ruffianly crowd, but that license should be granted them by the police was astonishing even in New York. Over all the world I have, first and last, attended many so-called sporting events, reputable and otherwise, but never have I fallen among such an unbridled lot of muckers as those which gathered in Madison Square Garden during the working hours of its six-day bicycle treadmill. True, these events not always have been of this low character, and there is no reason why they could not be reformed; but, if not cleansed, they should be prohibited. A more vicious form of "amusement," or an event more brutalizing, or one to attract a more foul-mouthed multitude than the six-day bicycle race as now conducted, would be difficult to find. Beside it, the old-time knock-about-slugging-boxing matches were noble in conception and elevating in purpose.

Beneficence of the Automobile

In a rage that is often, I must confess, righteous, we curse the automobile as it leaves us gasping in its dust, or, with our horses scared, in the ditch; yet, after all is said and done, the automobile is doing more for the cause of good roads in America than any other single factor of our domestic economy. And that fact is important to us, whether we walk or drive or sit on the veranda. The bicycle began the good work about eighteen years ago, though not many of us now realize how great was the road development that resulted from the energy of the individual cyclists and the vigorous and united effort of the one-time active League of American Wheelmen.

At the banquet of the Automobile Club in New York the other day, the sentiment most loudly and most frequently applauded by the seven hundred members and their guests was the one against reckless automobile driving, common to the address of practically every speaker, whether humorous or serious. No class among us, indeed, is more resolutely opposed to this speeding type of public nuisance than the well-to-do and prominent owners of motor cars, who realize that the drastic legislation, which in some States has gone to really absurd extremes, is directly to be attributed to reckless drivers. It is natural, therefore, that the influence of a powerful club of this kind, that the thought of all good citizens who also own automobiles—and there are many of them—should be most active in suppressing the nuisance, high and low, which is bringing discredit upon all motorists. My own opinion, and it appears also to be that of the more intelligent of my fellow-citizens, owners of automobiles, is, that for reckless driving, which should be written down as criminal, imprisonment is the punishment adequately to fit the crime. What is ten or twenty or even a fifty-dollar fine to the plutocratic denizens of Peacock Alley? The objectionable specimens hailing from this golden locality are accustomed to look upon such a fine as part of the day's expense.

But imprisonment would be most unpopular among these egoists. Make it imprisonment instead of fine, and pedestrians and horse-owners will wend their way in the peace of mind and with the comfort to wind and limb for which they now pray too often in vain. Without such relief the country must continue closed to the humble in spirit and low in purse.

The automobile has come to stay; it is a much-to-be-desired development in transportation, and new conditions should be viewed and met in a spirit fair to all. Throttle the selfish brute who scatters consternation among horse-owners in the country, and blinds with his unnecessary searchlights the pedestrians of our cities—and we will all be happy.

President Butler, of Columbia, says Americans are losing interest in football. Here are some of the results of my search for its loss of popularity:

The Harvard-Yale game attracted about 32,000 spectators; the Yale-Princeton, 25,000; the Army-Navy, 23,000; the Pennsylvania-Cornell, 20,000; the Michigan-Pennsylvania, 16,000; Princeton-Cornell, 21,000; the Harvard-Carlisle, 28,000; the Pennsylvania-Carlisle, 18,000; the Chicago-Minnesota, 20,000; Yale-West Point, 8000; the Harvard-West Point, 6000; the Princeton-West Point, 7000; the Minnesota-Carlisle, 30,000; the Princeton-Dartmouth, 8000; the Pennsylvania-Brown, 6000. In all something like 269,000 people at fifteen games, or an average to a game of about 17,000 of people that are losing interest in football. And, of course, this is scarcely a handful of the match games that are held over the country, but it is a showing suggestive and sufficiently significant.

It is a pity that the little experiment with the English brand of Rugby football achieved no wider success. Not that the English should supplant the American—no intelligent observer ever for a moment fancied such could happen—but Rugby is good sport and would make an excellent supplementary game to the American. Set up, however, as a rival to the native game Rugby will languish, and even as a supplementary effort will never attain any considerable popularity in America, if for no other reason than because, as compared with the American game, its strategic possibilities are nil; and it is just that, the strategic element, and its vigorous qualities, which endears our own game to the native public and the player.

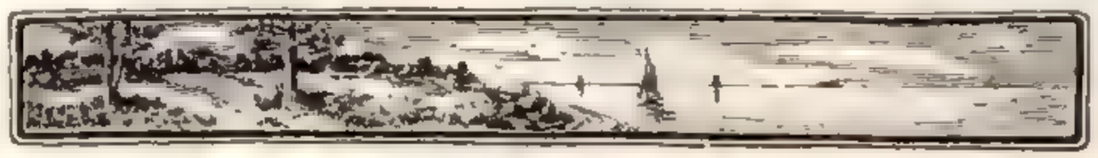
Yet true it is that American college sport, more than anything else, needs more games. If some of our distinguished and querulous university presidents would turn their attention in this direction instead of hand-wringing and whining over a condition which they take no single practicable step to better, they could accomplish something of a beneficial nature for their respective student bodies.

One of the very serious troubles with our American university sport is periodical concentration on a single game according to season; if there were more games, more athletic diversions, more men would be playing and, therefore, less fever would envelop football. Certainly, the average of benefit would be raised materially.

The Two Best Games

The two very best games I know for the average boy and young man are lacrosse and association football. Lacrosse has a desultory life at a few Eastern colleges. Association football is struggling for existence in one or two sections. Both have greater possibilities of fun for the player, and more all-round development for his body, than any other game on the sporting calendar—our own adored football included. In addition to their attractiveness for the player, both these games also are infinitely more spectacular and more open and more interesting to the spectator.

Why our football should race so far ahead of these in popularity is one of those things which is difficult to understand on any other ground than that its more vigorous quality, its spirit of combat, appeals to the savage which, more or less buried, yet lies, I fancy, hidden within most of us. And I am not decrying the game on that account; a little savage is a wholesome leaven to modern civilization. In an age of ear mufflers, air pillows and digested health foods, it is well to have something to stimulate the red corpuscles of our blood; else we shall become a nation of anæmics.



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POOR MAN'S LAND

(Concluded from Page 5)

drifting toward the pay-streak all the time, and this day had struck its edge. Only for their stubborn determination to finish the last day's work, and to test the last foot of gravel from the drift, they would never have found the famous Third Beach-Line of the Nome district, for the spot where Johnson had begun to dig was entirely off the streak.

Under the terms of their lease they could work but eight men, including a cook, and there were but a few weeks in which to do this. They promptly hired six of their high-chested, two-fisted friends who could work and at the same time keep silent, and then grew busy. As fast as they raised a bucket of pay-dirt they covered it carefully with waste to keep passers-by from seeing its richness or stealing it. In the next few weeks, working under difficulties, they took out $410,000. In less than three months from the day they offered to sell the lease for fifty dollars they had sluiced up their dump, and had the money in their respective pockets, together with tickets to the "Outside."

Even yet no one realized that this streak was clearly defined and capable of being traced. Some one eventually gave voice to the fact that the gravel of the Portland Bench was like that along the shore of the sea, and advanced the startling theory that it was an old beach-line. This came to the ears of another Swede, Sam Sampson, who came into town one day, and, going to a friend, said:

"Three years ago I sunk a shaft out yonder on the tundra," indicating a spot fully two miles east of the Peterson and Johnson strike. "I went one hundred and four feet through solid frozen gravel, thawing every foot of it with willows, and, from what I can hear of this Portland Bench, as well as from what I remember of the appearance of the gravel in my shaft, I believe I was close to this old beach-line. Now, if the ocean put that gold out there on the Portland, it must have put a streak of it all along the foothills at the same level. Understand? Well, my shaft is still there, although full of ice, and if you will give me seventy-five dollars' worth of grub I'll chop the ice out of it and drift till I prove whether I'm right or not."

The arrangement was made. Sampson found the shaft he had dug three years before, cleaned it out, and before he had drifted ten feet north struck a similar deposit to that of Peterson and Johnson, establishing his theory of the existence of a prehistoric beach-line of fabulous richness, paralleling the present shore.

Mr. Sampson had taken out something like half a million dollars at the time that I left Nome.

The Rush for the Beach-Line

The news of the continuation of the Third Beach-Line caused great local excitement, and within one night every foot of ground between the two points of discovery was occupied. Like magic there sprang up a continuous row of tents, houses, steam boilers, hoists and derricks. They did not wait to build houses, but sledded them out on the snow, over night. It was no uncommon sight to see a six-span team moving back toward the hills dragging a two-story house on sleds, smoke issuing from the stovepipe and the cook busy inside. Every man who could buy, lease or steal a piece of the despised tundra along the supposed line began to dig like the frantic "Doodle-bug" we used to find in the sand as boys.

As shafts reached bed-rock new tales were told of even more wonderful riches. A short distance west of Sampson's claim pay was found so rich that in one day $46,000 were lifted. This I am told on credible authority, the estimate being formed from grab samples out of 115 cars of dirt.

Every one began to take bearings from the two original discoveries and line up like troops. They not only located the streak between the proven points but traced it on beyond, till there grew a row of working mines extending for miles, the huge pay-dumps standing like breastworks, veritable ramparts of gold, along the foothills. By day this Roman wall was black with smoke, by night it lit the snow with the glare of many fires. Coal went to fabulous prices, and families in town slept cold, that fuel might go to the mines.

I am one of the many who ran over this ground in the early days, scorning to take it up. In fact, for three years I worked a lean placer a stone's throw farther toward the hills. Every time I went to or from town my trail led over a claim which now boasts a village of houses and two great derricks. On my return this summer I wandered in among the houses, and finding a smooth-faced, rough-clad boy I introduced myself and fell into talk. I judged he might be the blacksmith's helper, but as he was willing to listen I reminisced ruefully, harking back to the day when I had hunted jack-snipe on the spot and could have bought the "Bessie" for a song, could have had its half for doing the assessment work, likewise any of the ground in that vicinity. He listened to my lamentations patiently. We climbed one of the derricks where a man was dumping cars of red gravel into a sluice as they rose out of the darkness. I knew the sour suspicion with which visitors are greeted on a placer where the dirt is yellow and a handful may mean a week's wages, so when he asked if I would like to "go below," I hesitated.

Gold Like Sawdust

"It's all right," he smiled, and we stepped on the cage, bringing up a hundred feet below. He led me through frozen drifts, and chambers where the walls sparkled and glinted like a fairy cavern with the frost that held the earth in place as though it were solid concrete. We paused here and there to flash our candles along thawed faces where the fine gold lay like sawdust. No mines in the world have been quite like these, for we saw the tracks of the sea where it had washed thousands of years ago, held now and petrified by the frosts that came down later from the mystic North. At his invitation I scratched out handfuls here and there and placed them in my handkerchief, and the shift boss passing seemed to offer no objection.

"I don't know just what the claim has produced," he said in answer to my question, "but the most we ever hoisted in one day was $33,000. Of course, the mine is new as yet," he apologized. When we regained the daylight the derrick-man called to us, and, indicating a car which had just come up, showed me gold as I have never seen it. There were rocks upon which the colors clung in layers, clods of dirt stuck fuller of gold than any pudding with currants.

The beardless youth at my side selected the richest of these and, wrapping it up in a newspaper, said:

"Take this along for a souvenir."

"But the boss?" I objected. "What will he say?"

He smiled again. "I'm the boss. I'm one of the owners."

From our exalted position I saw the workings to east and west, a long, straight line of hopes realized. And it came to me again that here, "North of Fifty-three," is Poor Man's Land, indeed. From Little Creek, where $2,000,000 were taken last winter, the golden trail led east, under my feet, and on as far as my eye could reach, out toward Cape Nome, where white specks on the grass-green tundra showed the tents of others who were tracing it onward and onward; for, wherever gold may hide, there will some hard-handed son of man search it out. The price he pays may be pain and hardship, and yet, what life is there better than this, where each man is his neighbor's equal, where hope is constant and the gains are honest?

What land is better than this, where the air is sweet to the nostrils, where the days are long and the sun bright, where the summers are warm, the hills are flower-laden, and the winters, though shrewd, make the red blood tingle and leap like a wolf-dog at crack of the whip? Indeed, it is a land where life is good and a poor man has a chance.

I have used some scattered incidents that came to my notice to indicate what men are doing in the North to-day, quietly and without ostentation, for they have no time to advertise. The country is large, and these stories may be multiplied *ad lib.*, yet a high-browed person, whose position is exalted, asked me yesterday at the club, as he stared at me with ox-eyed innocence, if people were "still living in Alaska and mining gold."

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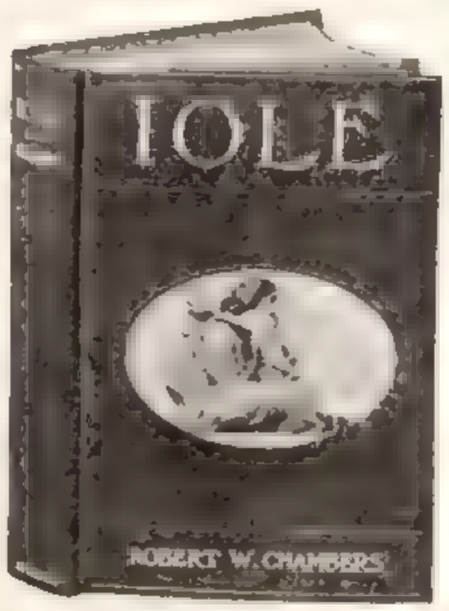

IF YOU have only recently become a reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, ask some friend who has been on the list for a longer time what he thought of Robert W. Chambers' "Iole" stories. He will laugh heartily as he tells you how he looked forward from one week to another for the arrival of the magazine, how he roared with laughter at the delicious humor and satire and how he passed the numbers on to his friends for their enjoyment. The story of the careers of Iole and her seven beautiful, dryad-like sisters and of their father, the Poet Clarence Guilford, is one of the cleverest and wittiest which has appeared in years, and its keen satire is something which nobody can fail to appreciate and enjoy

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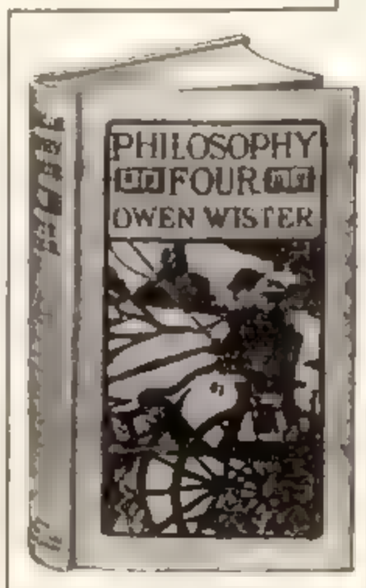

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Address

The Saturday Evening Post
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

THE SIAMESE CAT

(Continued from Page 5)

in London, and probably not even admitted by our delightful authorities in New York."

Laura's face clouded, but Borkman came to the rescue.

"It's not so bad as that, sir," he declared cheerfully. "I'll see to him. Get him home for you with no trouble whatever—absolutely. If Mr. Scarlett is afraid, I'll buy him on my own responsibility, and you can get him from me whenever you like, Miss Holborow."

Owen waived his point.

"I may be wrong," he admitted. "And if Mr. Borkman thinks he can ——"

"Oh, absolutely," boomed the courier. "Perfectly simple. It's too fine a bargain to miss."

"Then I'll take him," declared Laura quickly, opened her purse, and closed the argument.

The Chinaman grinned, by a sleight of hand passed the banknotes apparently into his belly, and rejected the blue cats headlong into his wife's apartment. The fawn-colored hero sat staring with ice-blue eyes, haughty and intellectual.

"Isn't he a lordly creature?" said the girl, sitting down beside him on the platform. "What shall I name him? Something that's big and dignified"—she mused—"and Siamese ——"

"Call him Chao Phya, then," suggested Owen.

"Good! Just it!" she exclaimed. "Come, Chao Phya! Come to Missy!"

The new member of the peerage stared coldly, cried an amazing "Yaow!" and suddenly leapt upon the girl's shoulder. "There!" she cried in triumph. "He's purring already. The little old dear!"

"Excuse me a moment," said Borkman; "I'll be back directly, if you'll please wait here?"

As he stepped out into the glare he bumped against the tall Chinaman of the tattooed symbol. "Look out there!" he snapped. Then, suddenly, they saw, from the shop, his whole frame struck by some change, and his clenched fists quiver. The coolie was slinking away, and as Borkman wheeled half about his eyes flamed with rage. It was a new face they caught sight of, and not a pleasant one.

"Out o' the way!" he roared. "What thing you do here? You wantchee catch bamboo-chow? Vamoose!"

The Chinaman meekly disappeared in the crowd. Borkman turned and stalked into a dark alley across the bazar.

"Why should he abuse that poor coolie so?" Miss Holborow wondered. "I never saw him lose his temper before."

He was gone a noticeable time, but reappeared all sunshine.

"I saw a little curio in a shop the other day," he announced, smiling down at them with benevolent respect. "I was reminded of it just now, and—er—made bold to get it, Miss Holborow, as a present to Chao Phya. I hope he'll accept it."

He handed over a silver collar, hung with three rather large bells, fluted cockle-shells that tinkled musically. It was wrought with raised figures of men and elephants, in a maze of lotus-leaves.

"Lao work from a bracelet," he explained. "It makes a rather good collar, and I had Sin Cheong's man put on 'Chao Phya' while I waited."

Mrs. Holborow was drawing on the dignity of an employer:

"Why, Mr. Borkman," she began, "you know we can hardly ——"

"We can hardly thank you enough," cut in Laura, with a dangerous glance at her aunt. "It's beautiful work, and—and a great surprise. See, it fits His Highness as if made for him!"

The paternal Borkman beamed on her as she thanked him once more.

"Almost as well," he agreed. "And now, if you wish to see that Wat of the Lotuses, it's time we were going."

So they left the pawnbroker braiding the pink threads into his pigtail, and crossed the viscid drain to the street. The light streamed level down the white vista of shops. Chao Phya shook his silver bells in Miss Holborow's lap, the *saises* shouted at the opium dreamers in the road, and they drove off through a double line of yellow coolies, each shouldering twin baskets like scales of justice and streaming past at a stiff-kneed, wincing trot.

Beyond the town, the race-course and the plains lay flooded in sunset light, and the shafts of betel palm against the west stood black and slender like the crossed lances of a crowded squadron. The sight-seers alighted before the gates of Sapatom-awan, where a carved and gilded bridge spanned a *klawng* brimming with great pink lotus chalices, and broad green leaves, stiff as bronze work. When they had halted on the steps of the temple it was already twilight; the bodies of kites roosting in high branches showed dark and indistinct as clusters of jack-fruit. And through the temple doors came an increasing light, as an old priest in saffron robe, the tiny flame of a taper in his shaking hand, moved among the leaping shadows of the sanctuary, from lamp to lamp, before the golden-glimmering Buddhas.

Even Borkman's voice became an undertone, as he stood expounding to Aunt Julia the doctrine of the Fully Enlightened One.

"The Hinayâna church differs from the Mahâyâna on those points above all. And yet curiously ——"

From a safe distance behind them Laura, stroking Chao Phya's head, pursued a train of thought broken only by two miles of space and a hundred varied sights.

"I had to accept it," she whispered to Owen; "and he meant it well, but—why do you dislike him so?"

"I've said nothing of the sort," retorted the young man.

"I can tell what you think," she replied from her meditation. "Our friends here, Mr. and Mrs. Sanders, wonder where we got him, I can see. But what's wrong? He only looks like the king of spades with his hair cropped. And Aunt Julia is *fond* of him!" A moment of silent mirth overcame her; then she looked grave again. "What do *you* think he's up to?"

Scarlett shook his head. "It's—it's absurd!" he said. The futility of his vague, hearsay evidence irritated him. "I only wish I knew."

"Yaow!" remarked Chao Phya, and jingled his silver bells in the dusk.

CHAPTER III

THE barefoot guards saluted the lordly foreign bust framed in the window of a first-class compartment; Borkman, graciously returning the salute, raised a heavy, black tamarind stick, tipped with *kerbau* horn; and, as if at the great man's signal, the little train rolled out from the station, out from the bush and palm environs of Bangkok, into the cool, fragrant, dazzling morning on the open plain. With a parting tally of tiffin-baskets, he modestly retired from the car and left his employers with Scarlett.

"Hello, Chao Phya!" said the young man. "I didn't expect you'd be coming." He falsely patted the beast, which lay on the leather cushion beside Miss Holborow, in the attitude of a sleepy Royal Bengal.

"The guide's frightened me about him," she answered. "He says we mustn't let him out of our sight here, he'd be snapped up so quickly; and he says the pawnbroker may try to have him stolen; it's his regular trick, to sell him again."

"What 'he,' and what 'him'?" demanded Mrs. Holborow acutely. The same white *topi* that made the niece a young Pallas helmeted, made the aunt a grimly sporting *zenana* missionary. "That's quite the most careless and confused speech I've ever heard, even from you, my dear."

"Now don't pretend, Aunt Julia," said Laura mischievously. "Of course, one 'he' is my big dear" (she hugged the seal-brown head), "and the other is—yours."

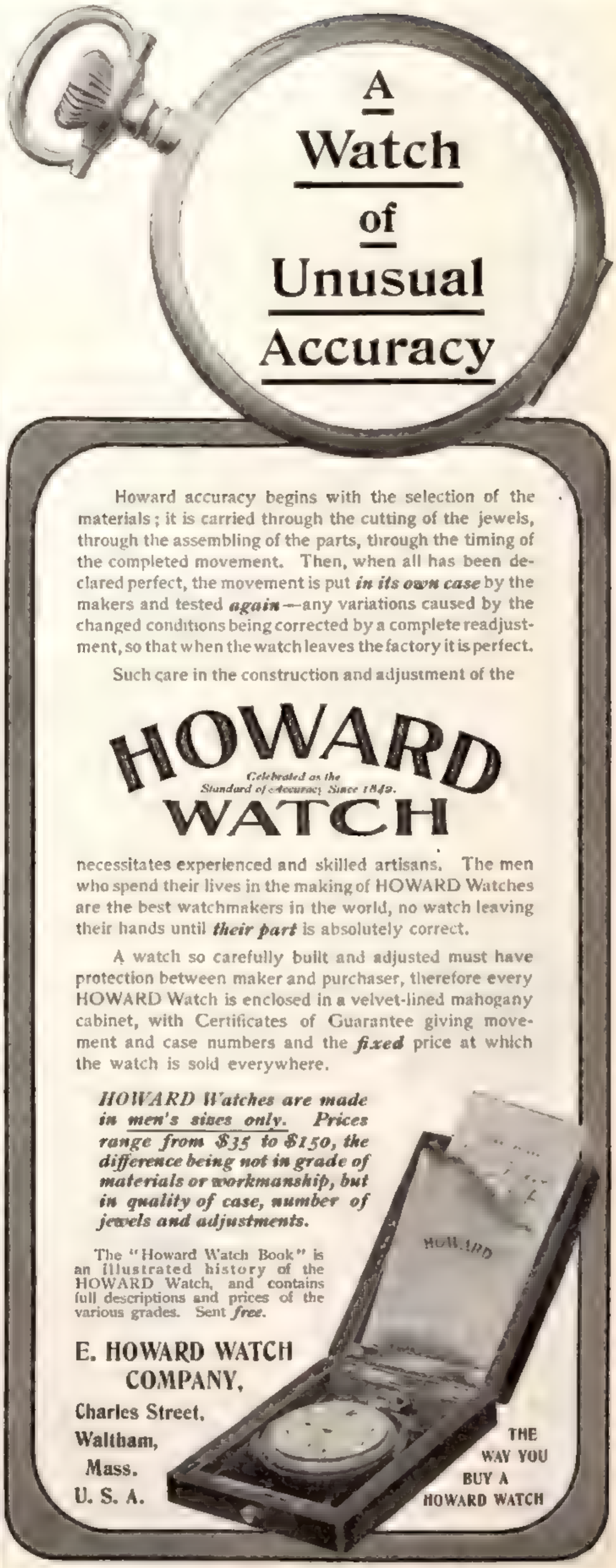
Aunt Julia smiled; she was in a good humor this morning.

"You must confess he is a remarkable man," she replied. "He looks quite vulgar at first, but really shows excellent qualities: well educated, very respectable. I begin to wonder how we ever obtained such a man."

"An unusual chance," said Owen dryly. Laura gave him a look full of ambiguity.

Gradually, as the heat grew stronger their talk languished into a silence, drowsy and companionable. The train jolted northward over the glaring buff plain of Lower Siam—once rice-fields, now split and parched surfaces of sheet-brick, that wavered through tremendous heat, to where, on the horizon-line, scorched palms straggled along an invisible river.

Chao Phya and the three travelers were all dozing when Borkman called through the window: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"Your station, madam: Ayuthia."

From bank to bank of the sharp-gabled village they crossed the copper Me-nam in a boat whose thwarts and roof-posts were polished by generations. Then they trotted off on ponies from the headquarters of the mounted police.

Borkman, with Chao Phya at his saddle-bow, led them along the silent, stifling, brown-burnt paths of the jungle. The split clay underfoot exhaled heat.

"There!" cried the girl suddenly, as they swung round a bend.

Indeed, she was right to wonder; for before them, in a waste of fallen walls and broken spires, rose the ragged, tree-grown, pillared ruins of a temple; and among these, roofless, throned above climbing growth, sat the gigantic Buddha, outlined by incandescent gleams of bronze.

They were dismounting, when Laura cried, in a startled voice:

"What was that?"

"Where?" asked Owen, beside her.

"Behind that wall. Some one dodged out of sight—just then ——"

Owen strode forward, but saw only a pair of bare feet whisk round the corner of a distant thicket.

"Some native," he laughed. "He had a worse fright than you."

Borkman had gone ahead with their coolie.

"Tiffin-basket here, I take it, madam?" he inquired, returning. Their coolie had hardly set down his baskets before Aunt Julia was drooping beside them, propped against the ancient wall.

"Well," she panted, "this is a preposterous, preposterous ——" words and breath failed her.

Laura knelt beside her in some anxiety; but her next remark was reassuring:

"Don't crouch and stare in that undignified posture, like a native! The time for any solicitude was before we started."

The tartness of her tone made Chao Phya regard her gravely with his goblin eyes. He stretched, rubbed himself against the wall in a slant, voluptuous curve, and lay down at the edge of the shadow in the doorway.

Borkman was busily opening the baskets—the picture of a genial comedian playing at butler.

The tinkle of soda-bottles, and the harsh crackle of dry palm-tops in the hot breeze, disturbed the dreamy noon. Suddenly, loose bricks rattled down close by in a scrambling rush.

"Oh, stop him!" cried Laura.

In the doorway glare a pair of yellow arms made one desperate thrust, seized the dozing cat, and vanished. Owen caught the flash of a muscular back and the switching of a black queue.

Both men leapt to the entrance, slid breakneck down the steep rubble. But with a flying start the thief had ten yards' law; and gaining their feet on solid ground they saw his saffron back and blue trousers vanish into a clump of bamboo. Scarlett plunged through it next, Borkman at his heels. Guided by the crashing ahead, they fought their way as it were through a white-hot furnace stuffed crisscross with dry stalks and rasping leaves, a tangle burning to the touch, but incombustible and tough to penetrate.

Borkman swerved to the right.

"No, no! This way!" cried Scarlett, and held his course, plunging and tearing. He panted on, blind and dizzy with the heat. His temples throbbed as if to burst.

Suddenly he tripped and fell through into a clearing, just in time to see Borkman dive into the opposite side, well to the right.

"He may have struck it," thought Scarlett, as he ran through the open. The thief could have cut across to any point of the compass; all trails were now equal.

Nevertheless, he pounded across, doggedly; pierced again into the smothering jungle. Once—if it was not the dizzy thumping in his ears—a strange, gabbling cry sounded, away to the right.

"Foolishness!" he muttered, angry and chagrined. "Wouldn't run in this heat for twenty coolies with twenty cats."

Yet, when he had scouted fruitlessly for Borkman, and through the bewildering sameness of jungle and ruins had toiled back to the archway by the great Buddha, it was with a downcast face that he reported failure.

"Lost him," he said gloomily. "Stupid."

"What a shame!" said Laura. "You've run till you're half dead. Good-by, Chao Phya! It's all my fault for bringing him. You poor man—but there's blood on you!"

"Thorns," he explained. "Perhaps the guide has caught him."

Aunt Julia roused with a weary stir.

"I hope not," she said grimly, and again collapsed.

"Did you notice the thief?" asked the girl. "It was the same native we saw lurking behind that wall. Our guide was right, wasn't he? Chao Phya was too good for us to keep long."

It was a tedious time before footsteps crunched without on the heap of powdered masonry. Scarlett and the girl sprang to the entrance. Red as with apoplexy, smiling, flourishing his big tamarind stick in triumph, up marched Borkman, with the cat clasped to his ample breast.

They applauded, but he bore his honors meekly.

"My word!" he puffed, "that chap could run! Yes, Miss, he's safe and sound, not a scratch."

"But you're not," exclaimed Laura. As he restored Chao Phya to her shoulder, the palm of his left hand showed raw and bleeding.

"I say!" he cried, in a curious tone of surprise. "I am flayed a bit, eh?"

"You must have run through Mr. Scarlett's thorns," said the girl.

"Of course!" he boomed. "That was it. 'Jumped into a bramble-bush!' Well, rather!"

He returned to the tiffin-baskets as though nothing had happened.

"Did you—I hope you didn't hurt that poor thief," Laura continued, stroking the ruffled cat.

"Er—no," said Borkman over his shoulder as he stooped. "Er—by Jove, the ice has gone *futt*—clean melted. I dropped it in the sun. Why, that chap got away clear, Miss. He *could* run, if you like. Saw game was up—dropped the cat—off like a shot. This heat, too, poor devil—my word, he ran!"

Then he very gravely served their tiffin of limp sandwiches and tepid soda. And when Aunt Julia had revived he led her out, incongruous under a wide umbrella, to confront the Dreamer in the Ruins. The hum of explanation came drowsily to Owen and the girl.

Their pretext of hunting for small Buddhas among the rubbish led them slowly out of earshot. Happy to be together, they encountered awkward silences, which neither knew how to break.

"Aren't we wandering rather far?" asked Laura. It was not the subject uppermost in her mind.

"We're not lost," replied Scarlett. "This is the way we chased the coolie." It was not at all his uppermost thought.

They dug listlessly, in silence.

"Mr. Scarlett," began the girl resolutely, "I've thought over what you said aboard ship."

"So have I," said Owen, in great relief. "And been thoroughly ashamed. You're very good—I didn't hope to see you again after that—and—and ——"

"It *was* rather a cheeky thing to do, wasn't it?" Her tone was cool, and her blue eyes shone with uncompromising candor.

"No two opinions about that," he admitted ruefully. "Just brazen cheek."

To his surprise she laughed, clear and joyful.

"That's what I like. You don't make excuses and—and that, but just own up nice and squarely."

"So, it's all right?" said Owen. They faced each other radiantly. Flies hummed in the tense, quivering stillness. "Then I'll do it again—for another reason ——"

His tone was dangerous. Laura started on, quickly; they turned the little promontory of a ruin; and what he wished and feared to say was forgotten.

It was here that the flies were humming. Close under the wall, half covered by vines burnt hard as wire, a man sprawled prone—the Chinaman, dead, with a clotted knife-wound in the back.

Owen whipped in before the girl.

"You can't do anything here," he commanded. "Let me. Wait round the corner there."

With a queer catch in her breath, she obeyed. Owen stood staring. He had seen violent death before, but this ——

Just above the knife-thrust, on the broad, sallow back, showed in blue tattooing the involuted Symbol of Creation. This, then, was the coolie whom Borkman had menaced outside the pawnbroker's shop.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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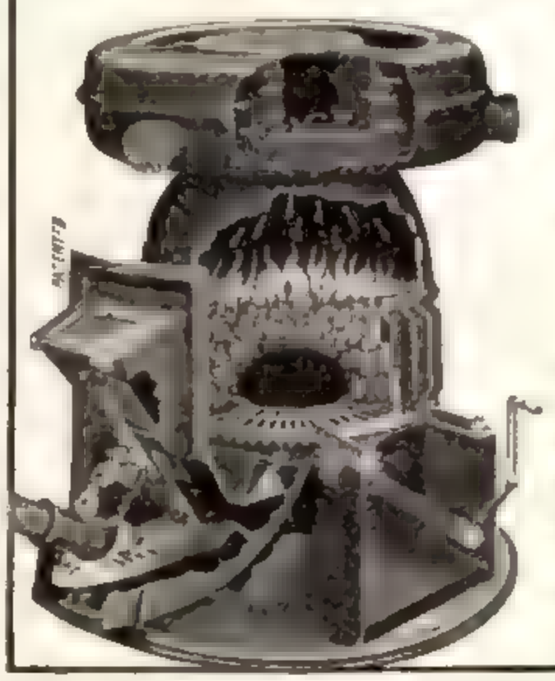

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The Commercial Club
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Sampson Rock of Wall Street

(Continued from Page 17)

"Only one—A. P. Wheeler, who was his cashier for years."

"I'd like to see Sydney, Dan. Tell him to come over."

"Sure. I say, Sampson, he is ——" began Dunlap in a warning voice. He would not have Sampson Rock insult Sydney by unworthy offers or impertinent questions. The average man is apt to doubt every other man's tact.

"I know," interrupted Sampson Rock. The Governors of the Exchange were all honorable men; and some of them were intelligent. But they were men, and therefore had tongues to answer questions with.

"All right. I'll send him. He is a pretty square fellow, Sampson."

"How do you do, Mr. Sydney?" said Sampson Rock very politely, ten minutes later. "Thank you for coming over. It's only fair you should, because I'm so much older, you know. Mr. Sydney, I should like to give your firm some confidential business. I am certain you can do it." Sampson Rock would trust Albert Sydney & Co.'s integrity and discretion to the extent of millions. That was quite evident from Sampson Rock's manner.

"We should be very glad to do it for you, Mr. Rock," said Sydney simply. He knew the Old Man by sight and had long admired him for his abilities and his versatility

"I have been told that you've been somewhat active in Virginia Central lately?" The versatile Rock looked mildly inquisitive at the broker.

"We have done a little in it; yes, sir. But I can't say we've been active, exactly."

"Have you any special information on it that you can give me without violating any confidences?"

"No, sir. I have no information about it one way or another. We had some orders from customers and we executed them."

Rock's eyes did not leave the broker's face. But Sydney was looking back calmly, as though he would not for worlds withhold facts from generous Mr. Rock, who was going to give him a profitable confidential business.

"Have you any opinion of your own on the stock?"

"No, sir. I can't say that I have."

"Well, you must have watched it lately. If you had any of it yourself which showed you a nice profit now, would you sell it, simply from what you've seen of the trading in it?"

Sydney hesitated. He very much desired the Old Man's account—it was good, safe business, and there might be satisfying crumbs at banquet-time. But he could not forget Sam's injunction. Perhaps the boy was working unknown to, or even against, the Old Man. More likely he had bought on the Old Man's advice. If Mr. Rock had bought some for a turn, there was no need to say he suspected steady, but quiet and therefore important, buying. He answered:

"It would depend on what I thought the rest of the market would do."

"I see," said Sampson Rock. "Now I would like you to buy for me to-morrow, at the opening, 5000 shares of Roanoke, at the market; but don't climb for it. And please clear it." He rang the bell for Valentine and told him: "Mr. Sydney will buy 5000 Roanoke for me to-morrow. Give him a check; account R."

"Very well, sir."

"I may want you to sell some Virginia Central for me, Mr. Sydney very carefully."

"Yes, sir."

"Your office is still long of it, I take it?"

"Quite possibly. But whether it is or not, Mr. Rock, you needn't fear for one moment that we ——"

"I don't, Mr. Sydney; not for one moment. I'm very glad to have met you."

"Thank you, sir. I want to say, Mr. Rock, that if we should happen to sell Virginia Central to-morrow or buy Roanoke it will not be because ——"

"My dear chap," said Rock, quite amiably, because he now knew Sydney's purchases of Virginia Central had not been for any possible opponent, which was all that might have made Sydney's buying important, "if I thought you were that kind of a man, do you suppose I'd have sent for you? I knew all about you before I told Dunlap to ask you to come here. Have you ever had any orders from Mr. Dunlap?"

"No; not that I remember."

"Well, you will hereafter."

"Thank you, Mr. Rock."

"Don't mention it. And I say, Mr. Sydney, if you should hear any gossip about Virginia Central, or Great Southern, you might let me know, if you will. And about Roanoke, too." And he smiled.

Sydney also smiled—appreciatively—the idea of his telling Rock anything about Roanoke! -and answered:

"I certainly will. Good-afternoon."

That night, while Sampson Rock was at his club, he was called to the telephone. Sam was speaking from Washington.

"Hello, Dad? This is Sam. How are you?—What?—I said, how are you?—Oh, I'm fine!—How's the market? —What? I can't hear—How's V. C.?—Do you think it's going up now?—I only wanted to know if you'd swept up all the loose stuff that was floating around.—I'm going to stay here until to-morrow to meet some of Darrell's friends.—About the $500,000?—I'll tell you about that when I see you.—Take care of yourself, Dad. I must go now; they are waiting for me. Good-by."

A minute after he rang off, Sam sent a telegram to Sydney:

Buy as much more of our specialty as you can without getting heart disease. Will be in New York Thursday.

Sydney on the next day bought 2500 shares of Virginia Central for Sam, paying up to forty and one-half for it. Dunlap reported this to Sampson Rock, who frowned and devoted his attention to putting up Roanoke from seventy-five to seventy-seven. It closed at seventy-six and three-quarters and Virginia Central at thirty-nine. The rest of the market was also strong, but Roanoke was the leader.

At the club that night Sampson Rock and a number of his associates held an informal council of war. They agreed that the market ought to go up, and each man agreed to take care of his own stocks. Sampson Rock was not loquacious, but they knew he would do as much as the most optimistic of them promised to do. Before he went home he had formed a pool to advance Roanoke. The Virginia Central deal he kept to himself and the three men who always went in with him in all his deals. They knew what he was about to do with the Virginia Central and the Roanoke. He did not require any advice or any money from them. When he did he said so, and their checks were quite as prompt in coming as their advice. That same evening Morson left for Richmond. Sampson Rock would give him three days. That was enough time for such a man, who knew what such a master desired.

The stock-market opened strong and developed a very pronounced rising tendency as the day wore on. But not all manipulators were as skillful as Sampson Rock, who made Roanoke rise to eighty during the first hour. In other stocks the artificiality of the subsequent advance was so obvious as to arouse not enthusiasm but skepticism and suspicion in wise minds. One of the wisely incredulous minds belonged to Gilmartin. He called on Rock to learn if the Old Man also was wise.

"Mr. Gilmartin, I'm very busy to-day," said Rock curtly. It made Gilmartin feel very angry at Rock and sorry for Gilmartin. He wasted no time, but asked, pointblank, the usual question:

"What do you think of the market, Mr. Rock?"

"Up!" answered Rock from the ticker. Gilmartin's heart did the reverse; it sank.

"And Virginia Central?"

"Somebody's buying it." Rock was studying the ticker unblinkingly.

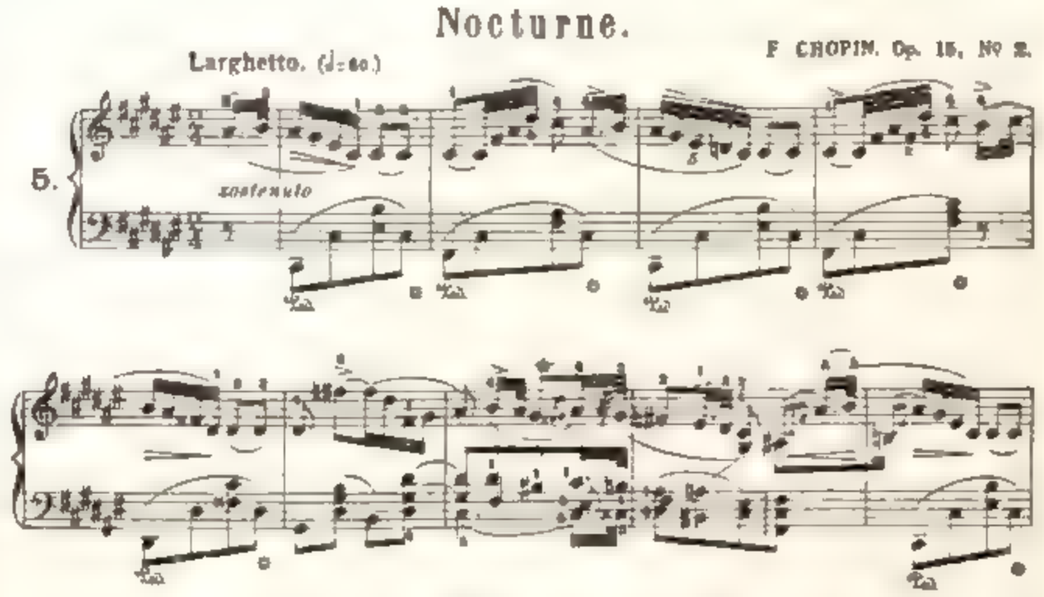
"It looks to me like short covering," ventured Gilmartin.

"Quite likely."

"I—er—Mr. Rock—you've been so good to me I don't want to bother you when you are so busy. But—er—do you think I ought to cover?"

"Cover? Ah!" And Rock, staring at Gilmartin, suddenly looked as if he remembered. "Great Heavens, man, didn't you cover on the break?"

"N-no, sir."

"You are a fool!" Rock told him irritably. "You had a fine profit. Did you want to make a million?"

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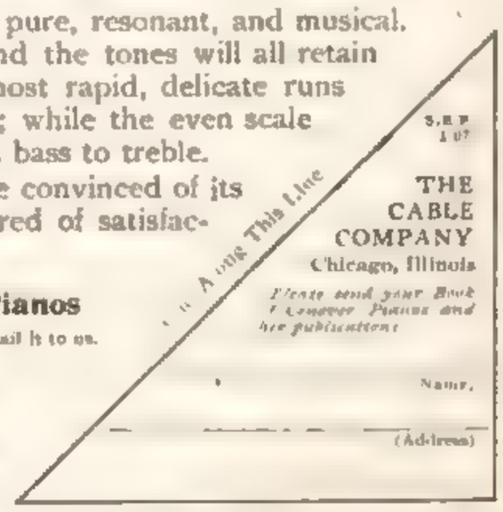

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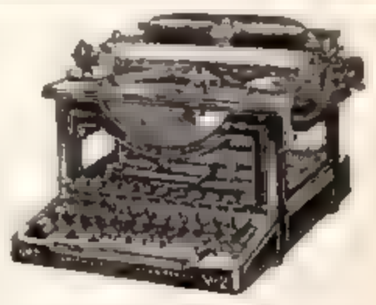

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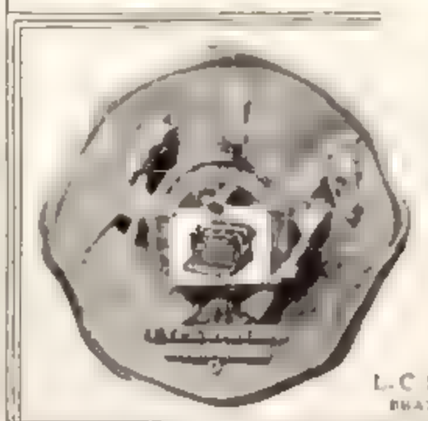

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Gilmartin felt that Rock had made one by not being avaricious. But poor Gilmartin's beautiful paper profit had been gnawed away by the ticker's teeth, and there seemed no likelihood of its being restored by the same gnawing fiend incarnate.

Gilmartin despairfully began to defend himself:

"No, sir. But the stock was worthless ——"

"The stock was *not* worthless. No stock of a railroad that's not in a receiver's hands is. Did you expect to buy it in at two or three dollars a share?"

"You yourself said the road ——" Gilmartin was at bay.

"And you yourself were a hog! That's the truth of it. The road's unchanged; but the general market is in far stronger condition than it was when I spoke to you." Gilmartin looked so sincerely wretched that Rock laughed. He took another look at the ticker. All was going well. He therefore turned to Gilmartin and said cheerfully: "Never mind, Gilmartin. You are like the rest of the world. You always want a little more than you are entitled to. Cover your Virginia Central. It may not go up right away but the rest of the market will carry it along. If there's any loss, tell Valentine to charge it to me. And tell him I said to buy you a couple of hundred Roanoke. It's seventy-eight and one-half now. It ought to go to par. I'm not ready to tell you more now, but there's something going on. You'll get the news when I'm ready, and don't ask questions."

"Increased dividend?" irrepressibly said Gilmartin, voicing both his suspicion and his new golden hope.

"Don't ask me questions! Next time you do it will be the last." He rang the bell for Valentine and said:

"Buy two hundred shares of Roanoke for Gilmartin. I'm very busy, Gilmartin. Come again later. And if you do any more guessing, don't print it."

Gilmartin left him, half-dazed. He almost hoped, like the veriest lamb, that his paper profits of about $5000, which had dwindled to a few beggarly hundreds, would come back. Only this hope kept him from thinking seriously of suicide or murder. As it was, murder had been done, Sampson Rock having thoughtlessly eviscerated Gilmartin's hopes. The new potential treasure-trove of Roanoke, given to him by the same sanguinary Rock, only half-comforted the victim of Virginia Central's illogical rally. Therefore, in his news-slip he wrote that the rise in Virginia Central was due exclusively to the determination of one clique of professionals to compel another clique of professionals to cover. Since the road remained the same and the management unchanged and the company's need of funds still unrelieved, as soon as the two cliques were done fighting each other the price would probably go back to where it should, if intrinsic value alone were considered, which was far below thirty.

He wrote this in the hope that the mob would believe it. Such a belief would restore the vanished profit and the golden independence.

Of Roanoke he said that important developments were in progress calculated greatly to enhance the value of the stock. Prominent insiders made no secret of their belief that the stock would sell at par by reason of the value-making deal, concerning which it was premature to speak, though there was every prospect that the plans under consideration would go through. He also published the road's recent earnings because they showed increases, just as he had given the Virginia Central's because they showed decreases. Of other stocks he did not write optimistically. He preferred rather to make money on the down side, through Virginia Central, which he considered owed him $5000, than on the up-tack with Roanoke. It was a human enough prejudice. He even bitterly bemoaned his ill-luck, and blamed everybody but himself for not having converted the elusive paper profit into good hard cash when the opportunity was before him—for having wanted more—more—more—at the wrong time. That was his only sin—not wanting more, but wanting it at the wrong time.

Roanoke quickly rose to eighty-two. The entire market was active and strong—so strong that many shrewd people, whose theory of the stock-market was based on mechanics and cynicism, immediately became suspicious.

The bull manipulators had begun to find considerable professional selling on the advance and very little response from the public. More to stimulate the rest of the market than because he desired fireworks, Rock put up Virginia Central two points by the purchase of only nine hundred shares. The scarcity of offerings was so obvious that it showed the floating supply had been absorbed by some one. It let loose many rumors; among others, one that the Great Southern was after it. It was a false step, that day's rise in Virginia Central. But not beyond recovery. After all, the Street was not sure of it. But it made Sampson Rock's work a trifle more difficult.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SENATOR'S SECRETARY

(Concluded from Page 19)

is, they are in harmony about wanting to regulate child labor and abolish the iniquitous features of it, but the tribulations of bosom friends of the President are many and the beatitudes few; and think how well it would sound to posterity to have one's name attached to a measure of great general good like this! It is a sad, sad commentary on the selfishness of human ambition that neither of the distinguished Senators seems inclined to bow and say: "After you, my dear Senator." If it cannot be the Lodge-Beveridge bill or the Beveridge-Lodge bill, it might not be a bad plan to call it the Bodge-Leveridge bill, which would be a happy solution, and would enable these two distinguished statesmen to point with pride.

Over in the House they have been yelling for bigger salaries. Every man on the floor thinks he is worth more than $5000 a year, but most of them are afraid to say so loud enough for their constituents to hear. Five thousand dollars a year is a lot of money from the Kokomo viewpoint, but it isn't much when you get the expensive Washington eye fixed on it. Most of the members couldn't earn five thousand dollars a year at their professions, and it was the guilty knowledge of that fact that made them balk in public over the proposition they played for in secret, behind the committee-room doors. The scars of the salary grab of years ago are not yet obliterated, although the proposition made at the opening of this session to increase salaries in the next House, and thereafter, to $7500 a year seems modest enough.

They started after it this year, but are first carefully preparing the fallow public by advocating an increase for all Government employees of twenty per cent. This is something for the working-people. Then they asked for an increase of fifty per cent. for themselves. It gives an unprejudiced observer a headache to watch the antics of these statesmen. They all want more money. They are convinced they are worth it, and that a great and prosperous Government should pay them more liberally for their unselfish services; but they are afraid to say so. They haven't the courage to go ahead and vote themselves the money without backing and filling and beating about the bush until everybody thinks that, instead of increasing their salaries, somebody ought to reduce them to about $2.50 for each working-day. The trouble with these patriots is that they know the people back home are willing, in any number, to come to Washington as members of Congress and try to struggle along on that meagre $5000 a year, and they have all that horrible, nameless dread of being permanently disassociated from the pay-roll.

I asked my Senator about it, with a few side indications that I wouldn't mind a boost myself.

"Yes," he said, "I think my services are worth more than $5000 a year to my State and my Government, but I know a lot of people who would take the job for nothing and give a bonus for it. As for you, I think you are very fortunate. How many young men are so well fixed as you are, with good pay and nice, easy work?"

Then he gave me a job looking up speech-material for him that kept me at the Capitol until two o'clock next morning.

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THE DOTTY-RESTERS

(Continued from Page 11)

possible pressure. They had both—apparently by *design*, too—been offered the leading part in the out-of-door play which the Doctor was about to put on. And the point had come when he must say definitely to which of them he desired that part to go! . . . .

Doctor Percy—in the outer apartment—heard the first four minutes of it. He seized his hat and hurried agitatedly down to the river.

On the island he could make out Bagehot-Langton striding back and forth. When he reached the edge of the bank, on the shore, twelve or fifteen feet below him, Mr. Judson and Mr Hoole and Major Buckner were evidently making a series of measurements. Mr. Hoole called boisterously upon him to come down and hold the tape.

He came down. "But—but, gentlemen, you know," he said, his fingers twiddling, "aren't you forgetting your *condition?* I have no wish to be a spoil-sport at all—but do you feel quite—quite strong enough for it?"

"Strong?" said the Major. "For the last week I've felt like going around pulling up trees!"

"If you ask *me*," said Mr. Judson, "I could eat breakfast-food!"

Mr. Morrissey Hoole put his hand upon his breast, and with the other solemnly invoked high Heaven. "*Doctor, I could work!*"

"But our other people—the remainder of our guests, you know. Are they entirely with you in this matter?"

"J. J." replied immediately and earnestly: "Now that's something I want to tell you about. For let me say, right now, Doctor, that I've been discovering a great truth. What about two-thirds of your dotty-resters up here need isn't any rest at all—but just a chance to get busy *at the thing that suits 'em!* Offer them that sort of job, and they jump at it. Tired? They're only tired of not doing anything! Gad, though, you *have* got a few that haven't been doing anything for so *long* that I don't know as they can hope to survive it now!"

"But really, Mr. Judson, we have many cases here of neurasthenia—and neurasthenia which, you might say, has become chronic!"

"Who, for choice?"

"Well, this is strictly in confidence, of course. There is Mrs. Swarthmore, and Mrs. Decourcy Rhodes, and Miss Paige, and Mr. Goulding Wall, and Mr. Schermerhorn ——"

"Don't you believe it, old man! Don't you let the sympathetic psychopath fool you any more. I've been up against that same bunch aforementioned, sort of apologizing for not being able to work them into our little show. (We'd thought of Mr. Goulding Wall and Mr. Schermerhorn as Indians, but, gad, they simply haven't got it in them!) And I know all about *their* affliction! It's just plain, old-fashioned snarling and chewing bad temper—every little while working up into a yammer!"

Some one had come pantingly out upon the bank above them. Because of the perpendicular nature of the view, they could see little but his legs and tumultuously heaving middle. He did not speak—apparently he could not as yet. But they recognized Doctor Spitzer.

If you had been up on the top of the bank you would have seen that behind his thick, round glasses his blinking, light-blue eyes were dilated as from a spasm. And, for the second time that day, having shaken off Holden A. Case and Miss Arline Hope, of The Empress, and Miss Paula Brayden—in stock—he was seeking "Mr. J. J. Judson."

But from across on the margin of the Isle of Dreams Bagehot-Langton had seen him first.

"Ow, Doctor!" he cried, and lumbered hastily to the boat; "so jolly good of you to come down, you know. Now, I'll just ferry you over and let you look into things a bit yourself."

"I am looking for Mr. *Jodson*."

"Quite, seow! Quite seow! But, now, while we've got to talking about it again, you know ——"

"Eggscuse me, Mr. Langton, eggscuse me! Iss Mr. Jodson down there pelow?"

"Right here, Doctor. Just come straight on down; there's a place a little higher up. We're going to make this the biggest thing you ever saw. Bunting, and red fire, and a spot light, you know! Lanterns—electric wiring throughout, and an orchestra! And in a week it'll be: 'Oh, listen to the band,' right from here to the Hudson!"

The Doctor made no answer. To Bagehot-Langton, now almost across the river, he was plainly wavering, and it was his manifest duty to take advantage of it. "Ah, I'm just offering him a chance to look into my part of it, gentlemen. I haven't quite made him see the need of the dynamite, you know."

"Why, of course!" supported "J. J." "And there needn't be any danger. We wouldn't let 'em off in daylight. Nor we needn't let 'em go all at once at night, either. We could sort of break it up—one at eleven, one at two and another at five, say, so everybody'd know when they were coming, and nobody need be fidgety ——"

Doctor Spitzer made as if he would run up the shore, and then gyrated back again. "Mr. Langton, I do not wish to offent you—but there shall be no tynamite—no—nor shall there be—be—be ——"

"Well my word, Doctor, I must say that you are very persistent in your refusal, you know." And then, struck by a most disgusting possibility: "By Jowve, perhaps you think me the sort of blawsted bounder who'd awsk pay for it?"

The Doctor turned his head as if to look for aid. He saw no aid, but what he did see was Mrs. Bugge, who by a fell and rapidly-developed flanking movement was closing in upon his line of communications.

"*Ach, du lieber!*" he cried, flinging both hands into the air; "do what you will! Anyding at all! Tynamite der whole Zanatarium! Haf an *earthquake* if you choosse!"

He had not tarried long; but even so, he regained the safety of "The Silences" only by a split second.

VIII

ABOUT ten next morning Miss Arline Hope, of The Empress, and Miss Paula Brayden—in stock—left for Parrsville Station and the early train. And the occasion was rendered the more painful insomuch as the majordomo of "The Silences" had made the immeasurable error of supposing that they would depart in the same surrey.

It was an hour which would have rendered Foxy Quiller extremely despondent had not "J. J.," as a man of business, discounted it the night before and taken measures accordingly. They now had a chance to let Miss Obrienne play Iolanda herself! Indeed he confessed that he had, even thus early, approached her in the matter and he had found her entirely willing. What had looked like a hold-up had given them an opportunity to make that play more completely a thing of art than ever!

The author of the drama and the "Poetess of Solitude" had, it was true, not been hitting it exactly right—a mighty queer thing, too, with both of them poets, and so much of it going, and everything. But that was a small kink that would pull out in its turn—just as the trouble with Miss Hope and Miss Brayden had done. As for Mrs. Swarthmore, and Mrs. Decourcy Rhodes, and Mr. Schermerhorn, and Goulding Wall, who of late had been acting nastier than ever—now that he and "F. Q." had got things really on the whiz—they could afford to be philosophic and forget 'em.

The thing to do was just to go down to the island and watch the work of the Indians; it was a dream! In a few days they would have in a portable steam sawmill from Parrsville. Its whistle would be a morning call a man could *rise* to! Meanwhile the Parrsville printer chap was putting orange-colored "paper" on every good display rock in the county! "Difficulties? Forget 'em! Forget 'em all! I tell you, F. Quiller, it's going like the car of Juggernaut! It ain't in human power to stop it now!" And riding in high triumph upon that car of Juggernaut there might well have been pictured "J. J." himself, by this time throwing out ideas with both hands!

As for Dr. Schwanebach Spitzer, a brief and half-delirious consultation with his aides had shown him that, as the thing stood *now*, any attempt to stop the play or to remove its demon promoter would simply result in emptying half his institution.

AN OPEN LETTER

Much has been printed about the life insurance business during the past year. Let me call your attention at this time to a few things regarding The Equitable Life Assurance Society.

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Every contract with it will be carried out to the letter.

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The Society has complied with the new laws of the State of New York with exact preciseness. These laws provide every safeguard that a wise Legislature could devise to protect policyholders. They restrict the investments of life insurance companies. They provide that expenses shall be kept within proper limits and control the cost of new business. They prevent rebating and political and other blackmail. They prevent many questionable things that insurance companies have done heretofore.

Hereafter every policy issued by this Society will bear the hall-mark of the State of New York.

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Life insurance in the Equitable is the best asset you can have. It will grow better with time. If you have no insurance, or if you can afford to increase the insurance you already have, you are doing your family an injustice if you do not take it. Nothing can take its place.

We want new policyholders. We want new agents, both men and women, but none except energetic, able and truthful men and women need apply. For such there is a splendid opportunity.

A life insurance policy runs longer and means more to the average man than any other contract he ever makes. Therefore the necessity for great care in selecting a company in which to insure or a company to represent. Safety and strength are paramount to everything else. We intend to keep the Equitable the safest and strongest company in the world.

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PAUL MORTON, President.

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The price had become too great! The Doctor took to cold compresses and an *art nouveau* sofa. He must live the issue through with what stoicism he could.

At least it approximated to one sort of stoicism, until, two days later, the knowledge began to be borne in upon him that the withholding of the hand of fury had availed him not a whit. If he had saved one half his "guests" it was only to lose the other half.

On Wednesday there took her departure Mrs. Decourcy Rhodes, aforementioned, to whom a thousand dollars was but as a postage stamp. And she sent a message up to the Doctor that his proposal to bring in a steam engine to make dynamite blasts with under her very windows, you might say, had given her a set-back from which she would be months recovering. . . . It was a message which gave Doctor Spitzer a set-back from which he did not believe he would recover at all. . . . After her left Mrs. Williston Jones, and Mrs. Garlington, and Miss Paige, and Mr. Goulding Wall. And every grating carriage-wheel passed across his ear-drums. In the shuttered dimness of that inner chamber he now called his aides to conferences of agony some eleven or seventeen times a day.

"Und Miss Wilmerting sayss she is not going to stay, too! Und Miss Smythe shall go if Miss Wilmerting goes—und Mrs. Tabney Wilcox, und Mrs. Hamerton Hatch und Mr. Schermerhorn—*Ei, Himmel und Erde!*" he shrieked. "*Mein Gott!—Mein Gott!*——"

"Oh, oh, but *really*, Doctor, the windows on the balcony are open, you know—and the ladies, you know ——"

"I gare not! I gare not! What helps it to haf a Gott if you gan't gall upon Him by a time like this! Haf you not thought *some* way we shall manage? Haf you no iteas? Iss there nopody to tell me what iss to do?"

He stopped. Some one was knocking, not loudly, but with a sort of eager impatience, upon the inner door. And Doctor Dayton rashly opened.

There stood, winking into the unlooked-for half-light, the source and mainspring of all this woe.

"The Doctor is not quite well," said Doctor Percy.

"Gad, you know," said "J. J.," and waved a sympathizing hand, "I felt he wasn't. And that's why I came right in. For I've got an idea that'd make a dead man—if he was in the dotty-rester business—sit up!"

"Really!—Really—Mr. Judson ——"

"But this thing is *big*, most *mighty* big! And it's only a matter of duty to hand it on to the Doctor while it's red-hot. It came to me first in the shape of a little idea for pedestrian parties and mountain climbing—that kind of thing." The figure on the sofa jerked itself galvanically. "But it was you, Doctor Dayton, that really gave me the big lead on it. You know you were telling me the other day that you had places up in Maine and down in Florida, and, if I wanted to try one of them for the remainder of my term, the establishment would pay the freight—mighty decent and generous of you, too. Well, all of a sudden this morning, I saw the whole thing right there! You've got the middle and the ends of the chain. All you need to do is to link up with a line of dotty-rester institutions in between, and consolidate. Adjust your valuations, have one big holding company, get the presidency into *your* mitt, Doctor Spitzer, and there you are! The Consolidated Association of Dotty-Rester Places of America—ay? Only you'd have to get some Greek or Latin word for it, of course. You'd want everything dead swell, you know ——"

"Wass—wass there anydings else?" asked Doctor Schwanebach, and laid his hand upon his brow.

"Anything else?—I've just opened up on it! Look how the mountain-climbing and pedestrian-trip side lines would work in *now!* Nobody would ever have to come back! Get out something in the way of the Cook's coupon scheme—and have them keep right on! And that'd be your *main* brace, all the time; keep 'em moving! Of course, some would want to stop now and again to get up a play or something, like we've had the stuff in us to do; and that's all right! But with your regular dotty-rester aggregation, you've got to remember all the time that they *are* dotty-resters, and you can't afford to give 'em time to let it *grow* on 'em. I tell you, there's a whole lot to learn, Doctor, from what's been happening this last week up here! Keep 'em moving! Keep 'em shoving right along! Let the doctors and nurses go, too. Gad, why shouldn't the whole giddy circle of establishments waltz themselves around every little while——!"

From the gaping mouth of Dr. Schwanebach Spitzer, M. D., Ph. D., there was emitted something that sounded like nothing so much as a squawk. And a second squawk followed it, and a third!

"*Ga-ad!*" said "J. J." "*Ga-ad!*" And as Doctor Percy urged him convulsively out of the room, through the tail of his eye he could see Doctor Clarence holding his senior upon the sofa, the great man's head beating one end of it and his feet the other.

"Really, it's nothing—I give you my professional word that it's nothing!" protested Doctor Percy; "and I beg you not to speak of it outside."

"All right! You say so. But I tell you there's a lot of us been noticing that he ain't been himself for some time. I'll just give you a tip—he's been working overtime or something. He—he needs a rest!"

. . . . . .

Once alone again, Dr. Percy Dayton rushed to the long-distance telephone, and, with vehemence, began to call for various people in Manhattan.

IX

TWO hours later, to have been anywise in keeping with the feelings that rent more than twoscore erstwhile happy bosoms at "The Silences," Isle of Dreams (and all the shores about it) should have been hung with mourning. For Mr. J. J. Judson had, at an hour's notice, been summoned back to New York. His business chief was finding the greatest need of his services in the office. And his cure, if further treatment should be considered advisable, was to continue at home!

He was not to go alone, however. There drove forth ahead of him Mrs. Walter Spayder, and Miss Armistead, and Mr. Cliveden Thompson, and the Gorringes—others, too. . . . As "J. J." said himself, "it had been a regular jail delivery all day." And at an upper window there was one who clutched the curtains, and stood now on the right leg and now on the left, and watched them go. . . .

Standing about in a half-circle of silent and almost tearful farewell were Foxy Quiller and the Major and all his fellow-Indians of Iolanda. It was a moment which brought even the dramatist and the "Poetess of Solitude" into a sympathy of common and foreboding gloom.

"Yes, it's too bad," said "J. J."—"too blame' bad! But I'll keep thinking things up in New York, and shooting them into you by wire. . . . And, gad, I'm mighty glad to've been here, you know. This kind of institution, with the pace that America is making nowadays, is exactly what we need. But there's a whole lot of better reasons why it'll always do me good to remember it. And I'll just tell you I look forward to coming again some time when I can stay a heap sight longer."

At the upper balcony window there was a sudden violent noise of tearing curtains. And next moment there descended—thrown wildly, but plainly with intent most murderous—the brooding Buddha.

"J. J.'s" horse plunged and leaped forward. He himself did not know what had happened. He had time only for one final "Ga-ad!" before he was masked by the gateway cedars. But from that upper window there hurtled after him, with a muzzle-velocity, if not a precision, terrible to see, a bronze Hermes, two antique China vases and a Grecian sphinx!

And among those "resters" who still remained, Doctor Dayton and Doctor Casgraine were soon to drop another bomb, which, if delivered much more decorously, had a vastly greater bursting charge. Circumstances—the health of Doctor Spitzer in particular—had become such that the presentation of Iolanda, and the continuance of all other lately inaugurated forms of activity, must be indefinitely—if not permanently—postponed. Within an hour it was only too evident that upon the morrow there would be a second "jail delivery" which would leave "The Silences" in all things worthy of its name.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile Mr. J. J. Judson was rapidly nearing the home lights of Manhattan. "Gad," he thought pensively, "if I'd been able to stay *with* the Doctor, in another week or two I'd have had his eyes bulging out!"

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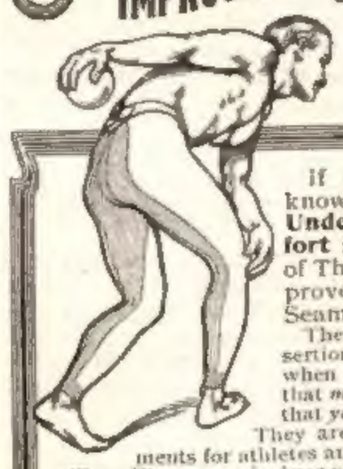

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